The Sweet-tongd Ovid's Counterfeit behold;
Which Noblest Romans wore in rings of gold
Or would you ỹ, which his owne pensil drew
The Poet, in his deathles Poems, view.

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OVID
DE
ARTE AMANDI,
And the
REMEDY of LOVE
ENGLISHED.

As also the LOVES of

Hero and Leander,

A mock POEM:

Together with Choice Poems, and Rare Pieces of Drollery.

LONDON,

Printed in the Year, MDCLXXXIV.

BODLEIAN
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PUBLII OVIDII NASONIS DE ARTE AMANDI: OR THE ART of LOVE.

The Proheme or Introduction.

IF there be any in this Multitude,
That in the art of Love is dull and rude,
He let him Read, and these my Lines rehearse,
He shall be made a Doctor by my Verse.
By art of Sails and Oars, Seas are divided,
By art the Chariot runs, by art love's guided;
By art the bridle's rein'd in, or let slip:
Tiphys by art did guide th' *Hemonian* ship.
And me hath *Venus* her Arts master made,
To teach her Science, and set up her trade:
And time succeeding shall call me alone
Love's expert *Tiphys* and *Antemedon*.
Love in himself is apish and untoward,
Yet being a Child, I'le whip him when he's froward.
Achilles in his youth was taught to run
On the string'd Lute a sweet division,

By old *Philirides*, who by his skill
To his fierce nature mildneſs did inſtil.
Of him that oft his friends, and oft his foes
Made quake, a weak old man could well diſpoſe.
His furious rage was known to be a Suitor,
And with ſubmiſſion kneel unto his Tutor.
Æacides by *Chiron* was inſtructed;
And by my art is Love himſelf conducted.
Both goddeſs ſons, *Venus* and *Thetis* joys,
Both ſhrewd, both waggiſh and unhappy boys.
Yet the ſtiff Bulls neck by thy Yoke is worn,
The proud Steed chews the Bit which he doth ſcorn.
And though Love darts my own heart cleaves aſunder,
Yet by my art the Wag ſhall be kept under,
And the more deep my flaming heart is ſound,
The more I will revenge me of my wound.
Sacred *Apollo* witneſs of my flame,
Behold thy arts I do not falſly claim,
Nor *Clio*, nor her Siſters have I ſeen,
Whilſt feeding ſheep in *Aſcra's* Valleys green.
Proud Sky, I teach of what I have been taſter,
Love bids me ſpeak, I'le be your skilful Maſter.
And what I ſpeak is true: thus I begin,
Be preſent at my labours, Love's fair Queen.

Keep hence you modeſt Maids and come not near,
That uſe to bluſh, and ſhamefaſt garments wear,
That have ſcant ruffs, and keep your hair unſeen,
Whoſe feet with your white Aprons covered been.
For *Veſta's* Virgins here no place is left;
My Muſe ſings *Venus* ſpoils and Love's ſweet theft;
What kind affections Lovers thoughts do pierce,
And there ſhall be no fault in this my Verſe.

THE FIRST BOOK.

FIrſt, thou that art a Freſh-man and art bent
To bear Loves arms, and follow *Cupids* tent,
Find whom to love: the next thing thou muſt do,
Learn how to ſpeak her fair, to plead and woe:
Laſt, having won thy Miſtriſs to thy lure,
I'le teach thee how to make that Love endure:
This is my aim, I'le keep within this ſpace,
And in this Road my Chariot wheel ſhall trace.
Whilſt thou liv'ſt free and art a Batcheler,
The love of one above the reſt prefer:
To whom thy ſoul ſays, You alone content me;
But ſuch a one ſhall not from heaven be ſent thee:
Such are not dropt down from the Azure skies,
But thou muſt ſeek her out with buſie eyes.
Well knows the Huntſ-man where his toyl to ſet,
And in what Den the Boar his teeth doth whet:
Well knows the Fowler where to lay his gin;
The Fiſher knows what pool moſt fiſh are in:
And thou that ſtudieſt to become a Lover,
Learn in what place moſt Virgins to diſcover.
I do not bid thee ſail the Seas, to ſeek,
Or travel far to find one thou doſt like;

Like *Perſeus* that among the *Negroes* ſought,
And fair *Andromeda* from *India* brought;
Or *Paris*, who to ſteal that dainty piece,
Travell'd as far as betwixt *Troy* and *Greece*.
Behold, this populous City in her pride
Yields thee more choice than all the world beſide:
More Ears of ripe Corn grow not in the fields,
Nor half ſo many boughs the Foreſt yields:
So many green Leaves grow not in the woods,
Nor ſwim ſo many fiſh in the ſalt floods;
So many Stars in Heaven you cannot ſee,
As there be pretty wenches, *Rome*, in thee.
Fair *Venus* in the City of her Son
I honoured, which *Æneas* firſt begun.
If in young Laſſes thou delight, behold,
More Virgins thou mayſt ſee than can be told.
If women of indifferent age will eaſe thee,
Amongſt a thouſand thou mayſt chooſe to pleaſe thee.
If ancient women in the City be,
Matrons admired for their gravity:
To find a Matron, Widow, or young Maid,
Walk but at ſuch time under *Pompey*'s ſhade,
When as the Sun mounts on the *Lyon*'s back,
And ſtore of all degrees thou ſhalt not lack;
Or to that Marble walk which was begun,
And ended by a mother and her Son.
Abroad, at noon, betimes, or evening late,
That day which we to *Luna* conſecrate;
Or to the fifty Siſters *Belus* Daughters,
That all ſave one made of their Husbands ſlaughters.
Or that ſame Holy-day we yearly keep,
In which fair *Venus* doth for *Adon* weep;
Or in the ſeventh day ſacred more than all,
Which the *Jews* Nation do their Sabbath call:

Or to the *Memphian* Church, where many a Vow,
Is made to the *Egyptian Iſis* and her Cow;
Or to the Market place which way is ſhort;
Women of all eſtates do there reſort.
Repair elſe to the Pulpits, even the ſame —
In which our learned Orators declaim;
Here often is the Pleaders tongue ſtruck dumb
By thoſe attractive eyes that thither come:
There he to whom anothers cauſe is known,
Speaking of that, wants words to plead his own.
Venus rejoycing ſmiles to ſee from far
The Lawyer made a Client at the Bar.
But moſt of all I would adviſe thee ſtir +
At the Play time unto the Theater,
Where thou ſhalt find them thick in a great number,
The matted ſeats, and the degrees to cumber.
Amongſt that goodly crew thou mayſt behold,
Whom thou both lov'ſt, ſueſt to, and fain wouldſt hold.
Look as the laden Ants march to and fro,
And with their heavy burdens trooping go:
Or as the Bee from flower to flower doth flye,
Bearing each one her honey on her thigh,
And round about the ſpacious fields to ſtray:
So do the faireſt women to a play.
That I have wondred how it could include
Of beauties ſuch a gallant multitude.
There many a Captive look hath conquered been;
Thither they come to ſee men and be ſeen. +
Great *Romulus*, thou firſt theſe Plays contrives,
To get thy widowed Souldiers *Sabine* Wives.
In thoſe days from the Marble houſe did wave,
No ſail, no ſilken flag, no Enſign brave:
The tragick Stage in that age was not red,
There were no mixed colours tempered:

Then did the Scene want art, the homely ſtage
Was made of Graſs and Earth in that rude age.
Round about which the boughs were thickly placed;
The people did not think themſelves diſgraced
Of tough and heathy ſods to have their ſeats,
Made in degrees of ſods and maſſy peats.
Thus plac'd in order, every *Roman* ſpi'd
Into his Virgins eyes, and by her ſide
Sat him down cloſe, and ſeverally did move —
The innocent *Sabine* women to their love.
And whilſt the Piper *Thuſcus* rudely plaid,
And by his ſtamping with his foot had made
A ſign unto the reſt, there was a ſhout,
Whoſe ſhrill report pierc't all the Air about.
Now with a ſign of rape given from the King,
Round through the houſe the luſty *Romans* fling,
Leaving no corner of the ſame unſought;
'Till every one a frighted Virgin caught.
Look as the trembling Dove the Eagle flies,
Or a young Lamb when he a Wolf eſpies:
So run theſe poor girls, filling the Air with ſhrieks,
Emptying of all the colour in their pale cheeks.
One fear poſſeſt them all, but not one look;
This tears her hair, ſhe hath her wits forſook:
Some ſadly ſit, ſome on their mothers call,
Some chaſe, ſome fly, ſome ſtand, but frighted all;
Thus were the raviſht *Sabines* bluſhing led,
Becoming ſhame unto each *Roman*'s bed:
If any ſtriv'd againſt it, ſtraight her man
Would take her on his knee, whom fear made wan,
And ſay, Why weep'ſt thou ſweet, what ail'ſt my dear?
Dry up thoſe drops, theſe clouds of ſorrow clear;
I'le be to thee, if thou thy grief wilt ſmother,
Such as thy Father was unto thy Mother.

Full well would *Romulus* his Souldiers pleaſe,
To give them ſuch fair Miſtriſſes as theſe.
If ſuch rich wages thou wilt give to me,
Great *Romulus*, thy Souldier I will be.
From that firſt age the *Theater* hath been
Even like a trap to take fair Wenches in.
Frequent the Tilt-yard, for there oft-times are
Cluſters of people thronging at the Barr:
Thou ſhalt not need there with thy fingers beckon;
Of winking ſigns, or cloſe nods do not reckon;
But where thy miſtriſs ſits, do thou abide:
If thou canſt not approach cloſe to her ſide,
As near as the place ſuffers ſee thou get,
That none betwixt thee and her ſelf be ſet:
If thou beeſt mute and baſhful, I will teach
How to begin and break the Ice of ſpeech;
Ask whoſe that horſe was, what he was did guide him;
Whence came he; if he well or ill did ride him?
Which in the courſe of Barries beſt did do?
And whom ſhe likes, him do thou favour too.
When thou eſpieſt where *Romes* beſt gallants ſit,
Applaud fair *Venus*, with thy Miſtriſs hand it.
If duſt by chance upon her garments fall,
Look with thy ready hand thou bruſh it all.
And though none fall, yet look that without ſcoff
Thou with thy duteous hand beat that none off.
And let the leaſt occaſion ſhew thy duty.
None can be too ſervile unto a beauty,
If her looſe garments hang down, that the skirt
Lick up the duſt, or fall into the dirt;
Officious be to lift it up again,
And from the ſluttiſh earth to bear her train.
Haply thy duty may ſo rewarded be.
That thou her foot or well ſhapt Leg maiſt ſee.

Beware that none behind her rudely cruſh her,
Or with his hard knees or his elbows bruſh her.
Small favours womens light thoughts captivate,
And many in their loves make fortunate:
Softning a cuſhion, fanning the freſh air,
Or to her weary foot adding a ſtair;
Such diligence and duty often proves
Great furtherance to many in their loves.
Within theſe Liſts hath *Cupid* Battle ſounded;
Who others wounded ſaw, he has been wounded:
As careleſs of himſelf he pries about.
To know which conquers of the Champions ſtout;
He feels himſelf pierc't with a flying Dart,
And wounded ſore complains him of his heart.
Oh what aſſembly did there come to ſee
Great *Cæſar* ſtand in all his Royalty;
Praiſing his prizes in their ſhouts and skips,
Took in the *Perſian* and *Athenian* ſhips!
From both ſides of the Sea, young Gallants came,
And Virgins of all ſorts to ſee the ſame:
Then was the City throng'd; who could not find
In that fair Crew a Saint to pleaſe his mind,
Oh Gods! How many did kind fancy drive
Strangers to us, us unto them to wive;
Behold great *Cæſar* through the whole world famed
Will add unto the Nations he hath tamed,
The eaſtern Kingdoms hereto over-paſt,
And they of all his conqueſt ſhall be laſt.
See where a ſtout Revenger comes in Arms,
Whoſe haughty breſt the flower of honour warms;
That being but a Child leads war in chains,
But more, than Children can, by war conſtrains.
Ceaſe now to reckon up the Hero's years,
For *Cæſars* valour in his youth appears.

The

The wiſdom which might well become the aged,
Shall in the ſelf ſame rank be equipaged:
That all the world may wonder one ſo young,
Hath ſuch a ripe wit and ſo quaint a tongue,
Thy gifts out-ſtrip thy age, whoſe ſlow pace lingers
Such was his inſtant ſtrength, who 'twixt his fingers,
Cruſht two invenom'd Snakes being in the cradle:
What would he do being mounted on the Sadle?
As great as *Bacchus* when his years yet green,
Was in his power among the *Indies* ſeen:
Cæſar is heir unto his Fathers ſpirit,
And his fore-Fathers vertues does inherit,
With their auſpicious fortune proudly dight,
Wars, and ſhall vanquiſh ſtill where he doth fight.
Such be the fates, and great muſt be his fame
That ſhall wage battle under *Cæſars* name.
Live ſtill thou youth of young men being King,
When old, then old men ſhall thy praiſes ſing.
Revenge thy wronged Brothers, thy dead Father,
And to the Wars millions of people gather,
Thy Father, and thy Countries Father too,
Put thee in arms 'gainſt thy inſulting foe.
Thou bear'ſt Religious arms, ſo doth not he;
Wrong leads him forth, but Juſtice fights for thee.
Behold the *Parthians* are already ſlain,
The Eaſt yields Homage to the *Latine* train.
Cæſar and *Mars*, both Gods, his Fathers both,
Make proſperous his journey, now he goeth;
I prophefie his Conqueſt, and his praiſe
In a rich ſtile unto the Heavens I'le raiſe.
With my field words ſhe ſhall his Army chear,
Which with their ſweet ſound ſhall enchant each ear.
Whilſt I the *Parthians* flight deſcribe at large,
Who backward ſhoot, as flying their foes charge:

And of the *Romans* reſolution write;
In vain poor *Parthian* Souldier thou doſt fight.
Mars the great God of arms forſake thy Drum,
In vain thou hop'ſt by flight to overcome.
In one day ſhalt thou, faireſt of all things,
Be deckt with Gold, attended on by Kings:
And drawn along by four white ſnowy Steeds,
To royalize thy acts and famous deeds:
The whilſt thy troops of Souldiers round invirons,
The Captain of the enemy bound with Irons:
Giving their legs to keep them from the flight.
Which they before did practiſe in their fight.
The joyful young-men mingled with ſweet Laſſes,
Will croud and preſs to ſee him as he paſſes;
And now being met, no ſweet occaſion balk,
Make ſpeech of any thing to enter talk:
Though ignorant in all things all things know,
And take upon thee to explain each ſhow.
As thus, That's *Euphrates* that firſt proceeds,
Having her head bound with a wreath of Reeds;
Call the next *Tigris* with her hair all blue:
Maids may be flattered, to think feign'd things true.
Say this preſents *Armenia*, *Perſia* ſhe
In the next place let *Achemenia* be.
That man's a conqueror, captives they that tremble;
Speak truly, if thou canſt, if not diſſemble.
Thence if you go to banquet and ſit down
To taſt ſweet Viands and to drink a round,
There may thy thoughts unto my art incline,
Obſerving love more than the Crimſon Wine.
Cupid himſelf, always inur'd to rapes,
Hath with his own white hand preſt *Bacchus* grapes,
Until his wings with ſprinkled wine made wet,
He heavy ſits, and ſleeps where he is ſet.

The

The dew from off his feathers ſoon he ſhakes;
Which from his drowned wings the dry air takes;
But from his breaſt ſo ſoon he cannot drive
Love ſprinkled there, though ne're ſo much he ſtrive.
Wine doth prepare the ſpirits, heats the brain hot.
Expels deep cares, makes ſorrows quite forgot;
Moves mirth, breeds laughter, makes the poor man proud,
And not remembring need to laugh aloud;
Sets ope the thoughts, and craftineſs doth baniſh,
Rejecteth art; and at wines ſight woes vaniſh.
In wine hath many a young mans heart been took,
And born away in a fair Wenches look;
In Wine is luſt and rankneſs of deſire;
Joyn Wine and Love, and you add fire to fire.
Chooſe not a face by Torch-light, but by day.
Only groſs faults ſuch ſplendors can bewray.
Truſt no made lights, they will deceive thine eye;
Thou canſt not judge by Torch-light, nor in twy----
At the broad Noon-tide when the Sun ſhin'd rareſt,
Did *Paris* ſay to *Hellen*, thou art faireſt.
The night hides faults, the midnight hour is blind,
And no mis-ſhap't deformity can find.
Stones and dy'd Scarlet by the day we chuſe:
The broad day and bright Sun in beauty uſe.
Sometimes unto thoſe places task thy feet,
Where the fair Foreſt Huntreſſes do meet
In number more than *Sea*-ſands; elſe prepare
To the warm Bathes, where many a female are;
There ſome or other hurt by *Cupids* ſtroke.
Where troubled waters with warm Brimſtone ſmoke,
Miſtakes the wounds cauſe, and exclaiming raves,
Not blaming Love, but thoſe unwholſome waves.
See where *Diana*'s grovy Temple ſtands,
Where Kingdoms have been won by ſlaughtering hands;

Becauſe

Becauſe ſhe *Cupid* loaths and lives chaſt ſtill,
Much people ſhe hath ſlain and much ſhall kill.
Thus far my muſe hath ſung in divers ſtrains
Where thou mayſt find fit place to ſet thy trains.
My next endeavour is to lay the ground,
To atchieve and win the Miſtriſs thou haſt found.
Be prompt and apt, you that ſhall read my lines,
And uſe attention to their diſciplines.
The firſt ſtrict precept I enjoyn your ſence,
Needful to be obſerv'd, is confidence:
Be confident, thy ſuit being once begun,
And build on this, they all are to be won.
Firſt ſhall the birds that welcome in the ſpring,
All mute and dumb for ever ceaſe to ſing:
The Summer Ants leave their induſtrious pains,
And from their full mouths caſt their loaded gains:
The ſwift *Menalion* hounds that chaſing are,
Shall frighted run back from the trembling hare,
Before a wanton wench once tempted by thee,
Poor Fool, ſhall have the hard heart to deny thee.
Stolen pleaſure, which to men is never hateful,
To women is now and at all times ever grateful.
The difference is, a maid her love will cover,
Men are more impudent and publick lovers:
'Tis meet we men ſhould ask the queſtion ſtill,
Should women do it, it would become them ill.
The Heifers ſtrength being once ripe and and mellow,
After the Bull ſhe through the field will bellow.
The Mare neighs after the couragious Steed,
But humane Luſt doth not ſo much exceed.
Our flame hath lawful bounds, keeps time and ſeaſon,
Nor beſtial made like theirs, but mixt with reaſon.
Should I of *Byblis* ſpeak, whoſe hot deſire
Doth to her Brothers lawleſs bed aſpire?

And when the Inceſtuous deed ſhe well ſuſpendeth,
With reſolution her ſweet life ſhe endeth.
Mirrha the love of her own Father ſought,
Affecting him but not as daughters ought:
Her body in a trees rough rind appears;
And with her ſweet and odoriferous tears
Our bodies we perfume; theſe are the ſame,
Mirrh of this Miſtriſs *Mirrha* bears the name.
In *Ida* of tall trees and Cedars full,
There fed the glory of the Herd, a Bull, (grew,
Snow white, ſave 'twixt his horns one ſpot there
Save that one ſtain he was of Milky hew.
This Bullock did the Heifers of the groves
Deſire to bear, as Prince of all their droves.
But moſt *Paſiphae* with adulterous breath
Envies the lovely Heifers to the death:
I ſpeak known truth, this cannot *Crete* deny,
With all her hundred Cities built on high.
'Tis ſaid that for this Bull the doating Laſs
Did uſe to top freſh boughs, and the young graſs;
Nor was the amorous *Cretan* Queen affear'd,
To grow a kind companion to the herd:
Thus through the Campaign ſhe is madly born,
And a wild Bull to *Minos* gives the horn.
'Tis not for bravery he doth love or loath thee,
Then why, *Paſiphae*, doſt thou ſo richly cloath thee?
Why doſt thou thus thy face and looks prepare,
What mak'ſt thou with thy glaſs ordering thy hair?
Unleſs thy glaſs could make thee ſeem a Cow,
And how can horns grow on that tender brow?
If *Minos* pleaſe thee, no adulterer ſeek thee;
Or if thy Husband *Minos* do not like thee,
But thy laſcivious thoughts are ſtill encreaſt,
Deceive him with a man, not with a beaſt.

Thus

Thus by the Queen the wild woods are frequented,
And leaving the Kings bed, ſhe is contented
To uſe the groves born by the rage of wind,
Even as a ſhip with a full Eaſtern wind.
How often hath ſhe with an envious eye
Look'd on the Cow that by her Bull did lie,
Saying, oh wherefore did this Heifer move
My hearts chief Lord, and urge him to her love?
Behold, how ſhe before him joyful skips,
And proudly jetting on the green graſs leaps,
To pleaſe his amorous eye; then charg'd the Queen,
See in theſe fields that Cow no more be ſeen.
No ſooner to her ſervants had ſhe ſpoke.
But the poor Beaſt was had up to the yoke.
Some of theſe ſtrumpet Heifers the Queen ſlew,
And their warm blood the Altars did embrue;
Whil'ſt by the ſacrificing Prieſt he ſtands,
And gripes their trembling entrails in her hands.
Oft pray'd ſhe to the Gods, but all vain,
T' appeaſe their deities with blood of beaſts thus ſlain;
And to their bowels ſpake, Go, go, be gone
To pleaſe him whom I fondly dote upon.
Now doth ſhe wiſh her ſelf *Europa*, then
To be fair *Io* paſturing in the Fen:
Io a beaſt in ſhape, hide, hoof, and horn;
Only *Europa* on a beaſt was born.
At length the Captain of the herd beguil'd
With a Cows skin with curious art compil'd,
The longing Queen obtain'd her full deſire,
And in the Childs birth did bewray the fire.
Had *Creſſa* kept her from *Thyeſtes* bed,
She had not with her Child been baniſhed;
Nor *Phœbus* ſtopt his Car that ſo bright burned,
And his Steeds back unto the Morning turned.

King *Niſus* Daughter that was held ſo fair,
Stole from her Fathers head the purple hair:
And hanging at the ſhip, was in her fall
Chang'd to a Bird in voice, in ſhape and all.
Another *Scylla* was by *Circe*'s ſpells
Made a Sea monſter, and in the Ocean dwells;
Beneath whoſe Navel barketh many a Hound,
Whoſe ravenous gulf, like throats, Ship and Men
The valiant *Agamemnon* that by Land (drown'd.
Fled the great God of War, and did withſtand
Neptune by Sea, behold alas he dies
By's jealous wife a woful Sacrifice;
Who pities not the bright *Creuſa*'s flame,
Wiſhing their ſalt tears might have quencht the ſame?
Who could but weep to ſee young Children ſlain,
Whilſt their warm bloods their Mothers Garments ſtain?
Why *Phineus* put'ſt thou out the ſtriplings eyes? (ſtain?
That punishment thy own face ſhall diſguiſe.
The greateſt miſchiefs womens Luſts engender.
Some of their hearts be cruel, though moſt be tender.
Womens deſires are burning, ſome contagious;
Mens are more temperate far, and leſs outragious:
Then in my art proceed, nor doubt to enjoy
And win all women be they ne're ſo coy.
Uſe them by my directions being learn'd by me,
Not one amongſt a thouſand will deny thee:
Yet love they to be urg'd by ſome conſtraint,
As well in things which they deny as grant:
But take thou no repulſe; is't not a treaſure
To enjoy new delights and taſte freſh pleaſure?
Variety of ſweets are welcome ſtill,
And acceptableſt to a womans will:
They think that Corn beſt in anothers field,
Their Neighbours goat the ſweeteſt milk doth yield.

But

But firſt ere ſiege be to thy Miſtriſs laid,
Practiſe to come acquainted with her Maid:
She can prepare the way, ſeek thy redreſs,
And by her means thou mayſt have ſweet acceſs.
To her familiar ear your counſel ſhow,
And all your private pleaſures let her know:
Bribe her with gifts, corrupt her with reward,
With her that's eaſy which to thee ſeems hard.
She can chooſe times, ſo times Phyſicians keep,
When in thy Miſtriſs arms thou ſafe mayſt ſleep;
And that muſt be when ſhe is apt to yield,
What time the ripe Corn ſwells within the field.
When baniſht ſorrows from her heart remove,
And give mirth place, ſhe lies broad wake to love.
While *Troy* was penſive, 'twas well fenc'd and kept,
But then betraid when they ſecurely ſlept:
Yet ſometimes prove her, when thou find'ſt her ſad,
Mourning her own wrong with ſome uſage bad.

Follow that humour with thy fluent tongue,
She'l grace thee to revenge her former wrong.
Her mind may the induſtrious Maid prepare,
And ſoftly whiſper, yet that ſhe may hear
Such wrongs no woman that hath ſpirit can bear:
So ſhe proceeds to thee, lifts thy praiſes high,
Swears for her chaſte love thou art bent to die,
And there ſtept in, and doubt not to prevail,
Yet ere her furious anger hath ſtruck ſail,
Rage in that Sea delay conſumes and dyes,
Like Ice againſt the Sun; no grace deſpiſe
That from the Hand-maid comes, with all thy power,
Seek by convenient means her to deflower.
She is induſtrious and made apt for ſport,
And by her Office limits your reſort.

She, if her own counſel may be cloſely kept,
Her Ladies due would gladly intercept.
All is hap hazard, though it be with pain,
My counſel is from theſe things to abſtain.
I will not headlong over Mountains tread,
Nor following me ſhall any be miſled:
But of the Maid by whom thou ſend'ſt thy letter,
With her care pleaſe thee well, with her face better.
Begin not therefore with the maid to toy,
Thy Miſtriſs love and favour firſt enjoy.
One thing beware, if thou wilt credit art,
Nor let my words amongſt the winds depart:
If thou haſt mov'd her once, take no denial,
Reſolve to act, or never to make trial.
From fear and blame thou art ſecure and free,
As ſoon as ſhe partakes the crime with thee,
You ſee the Bird that to the morning ſings,
Cannot ſoar high when ſhe hath lim'd her wings.
Nor can the ſavage Boar with briſled back
Break thro' thoſe toyls, his ſtrugling has made ſlack.
The fiſh that glides along the ſilver brook,
Is quickly drawn, being wounded with the hook.
So having once but tri'd her, make her yield,
And never part, but conquer, from the field:
The fault being mutual, knowing how ſhe fell,
The baſhful Girl will be aſhamed to tell.
But ſhe can ſhew thee in familiar phraſe,
Both what thy vertuous Miſtriſs does and ſays.
Always be ſecret, if your guilt appear,
'Twill in thy Lady breed perpetual fear.
He is deceiv'd that thinks all times avail
For Swains to turn the earth, Sea-men to ſayl:
All ſeaſons are not kind when men ſhould ſow,
Times muſt be pickt, to have your grain well grow.

Nor

Nor always is the ſurging Ocean fit,
That the well fraughted ſhip may ſail in it;
Nor is it always time fair Girls to woe;
Sometimes abſtain, ſo doth thy Maſter do.
Omit her Birth-day, and thoſe Kalends miſs,
When *Mars* and *Venus* both abſtain to kiſs.
At ſome forbidden ſeaſon being deckt
With Princely 'tire, uſe her with great reſpect.
In the cold Winter, when the *Pleiades* reign,
From the ſweet work of *Venus* moſt abſtain:
Forbear the Light reſort amongſt thy wenches,
When *Capricorn* the troubled Ocean drenches.
Thou ſhalt begin even in that very day,
When woful and lamenting *Allia*
Looks on the Tragick Earth made crimſon red
With the wild *Romans* wounds which that day bled:
Or in the ſeventh day feaſt that's held divine,
And honoured by the men of *Paleſtine*.
By Ladies Birth-day Ceremonies make,
And ſuperſtitiouſly all works forſake;
Above all days let that a black day be,
When thou giv'ſt ought, or ſhe doth beg of thee.
You ſhall have ſome into your boſom creep,
Who jeſtingly will ſnatch things they will keep,
And by ſome ſlight and pretty wanton ſuit,
To enrich themſelves will leave thee deſtitute.
Firſt when the Linnen-Draper brings his wares,
And lays his pack wide open at the Fairs,
She will peruſe them as thou ſtand'ſt her nigh,
The whilſt the Draper asks what will you buy?
Straight will ſhe crave thy judgment in the Lawn,
Thou by degrees to ſhew thy skill art drawn:
Then will ſhe kiſs thee, pray thee ſhe may try it,
Thus by her flattery thou art won to buy it.

Cat

Canſt thou deny the wanton? ſhe will ſwear,
This gift will ſerve her uſe for many a year:
It is now cheap, ſhe hath great need of this;
And every word ſhe mingles with a kiſs.
Haſt thou no Coyn about thee? thou ſhalt ſend
To intreat it by a Letter from thy Friend.
What muſt I needs preſent her with this casket?
Becauſe that on her Birth-day ſhe doth ask it?
Then every day ſhe wants, ſhe will be ſworn,
That on that very ſame day ſhe was born.
Or when I ſee her how ſhe ſadly weeps,
And feigning ſome falſe loſs much ſeeking keeps,
As if ſhe had let fall ſome precious thing,
A jewel from her ear, her hand a Ring:
What's that to me? or if I hear her pray
To borrow this or that until ſome day?
What's lent is loſt, and to be found no more:
Women things borrowed never will reſtore.
Ten Tongues, as many Mouths cannot impart
Half the ſlights uſed in the ſtrumpet's art.
Make love with Letters and thy money ſave,
And let them Wax, and Ink and Paper have;
Keep what thou haſt, for words good words ſurrender;
For flattery like falſhood ever tender.
Fair words are cheap, what more thou giv'ſt is loſt;
Flatter, ſpeak fair, 'tis done with little coſt.
Old *Priam* by intreaty *Hector* won,
Which elſe *Achilles* never would have done,
Force is but weak, intreaty hath her odds.
So we intreat, but not inforce the Gods.
A promiſe is a charm to make Fools fat,
Be full of them, promiſe no matter what.
A promiſe is a meer inchanting witch,
By promiſe 'tis an eaſy matter to be rich.

Datò dona ſi-cut dat mella geniſta.

The

The hope of gain will keep thy credit free,
Hope is a Goddeſs falſe, yet true to thee.
Give her, and ſtraight ſhe'l leave thee with diſdain,
She expects no more, what's paſt ſhe counteth gain.
Be always giving, but your gifts ſtill keep,
And thy delays in words well framed ſteep.
So hath the barren field deceiv'd the Swain:
So doth the Gameſter loſe in hopes to gain.
Love that on even hands grows, is moſt pure,
That which comes *gratis* longeſt doth endure.
Write firſt, and let thy pleaſant lines ſalute her,
A Letter breaks the Ice of any Suitor:
A Letter in a apple writ and ſent,
Won fair *Cydippe* to her Lovers bent.
You *Roman* Youths all other toys reſign,
Learn the liberal arts and muſes nine:
Not only as an Orator to declaim
Before the Judge and Senate, for the fame,
When thou the Ladies fair ſhalt come among,
Will ſpeed, and they will all applaud thy tongue.
But ſpeak not by the book, it breeds offence,
To court in ſtrange and fuſtian eloquence:
None but a gull ſuch Baſtard words will praiſe,
Or in his ſpeech uſe an inforced phraſe.
Who but a Mad man elſe will with Orations,
Plead to his Love and woe in Declamations?
Uſe a ſmooth Language, and accuſtomed Speech,
And in no ſtraining diſcourſe love beſeech,
As if thou cam'ſt to ſpeak a ſtudied part.
But as immediately ſent from the heart.
If ſhe reject thy lines, and ſcorn to read them,
But caſting them away, on the ground tread them:
Deſpair not though, but that ſhe may in time,
And will with judging eyes peruſe thy rime.

In time the ſtubborn Heifers draw the wain,
In time the wildeſt Steeds do brook the Rain:
Time frets hard Iron, in time the Ploughſhare's worn,
Yet the ground's ſoft by which the ſteel is torn.
What's harder than a ſtone, or what more ſoft.
Than water is; and yet by dropping oft
The gentle rain will eat into the flints,
And in their hard ſides leaves impreſſive dints.
Do but perſiſt the ſuit thou haſt begun,
In time will chaſt *Penelope* be won.
Long was it e're the City *Troy* was ta'ne:
Yet was it burnt at lenght, and *Priam* ſlain,
Hath ſhe perus'd the ſcroul thou didſt indite,
And will ſhe not as yet an anſwer write;
Enforce her not, it is enough to thee,
That ſhe hath read it, and thy love doth ſee.
Fear not, if once ſhe read what thou haſt writ,
She will vouchſafe in time to anſwer it.
At firſt perhaps her letter will be ſowr,
And on thy hopes her paper ſeem to lowr,
In which ſhe will conjure thee to be mute,
And charge thee to forbear thy hated ſute;
Tuſh, what ſhe moſt forewarns, ſhe moſt deſires,
In froſty woods are hid the hotteſt fires.
Only purſue to reap what thou haſt ſown,
A million to a mite ſhe is thy own.
If thou by chance haſt found her in ſome place,
Down on her back and upwards with her face,
Occaſion ſmiles upon thee, thank thy fate, *When thou meeteſt her abroad.*
Steal to her bed ſide with a thieviſh gate:
And having won, unto her wiſely bear thee,
With watchful care that no Eavel-droper hear thee.
Or if ſhe walk abroad, without delay,
Be thou a quick-ſpie to obſerve her way.

Keep in her eye, and croſs her in the ſtreet,
Here overtake her, at that corner meet;
Then come behind her, then out-ſtrip her pace,
And now before her, and now after trace:
Now faſt, now ſlow, and ever move ſome ſtay,
That ſhe may find thee ſtill firſt in her way;
Nor be afraid if thou occaſion ſpy,
To jog her elbow as thou paſſeſt by;
Or if thou happeneſt to behold from far,
Thy Miſtriſs croſſing o're the Theater;
When thou findeſt her in the Theater.
Hie to the place, being there look round about thee,
And in no ſeat let her be found without thee:
No matter though the Play thou do not mind,
Thou ſights enough within her face ſhall find;
There ſtand and gaze, there wonder, there admire,
There ſpeaking looks may whiſper thy deſire.
Applaud him whom ſhe likes, if thou diſcover
In any ſtrain a true well acted Lover,
Make him thy inſtance, court her by all skill:
If ſhe riſe, riſe, if ſhe ſit, ſit thee ſtill:
Laugh when ſhe ſmiles, be penſive when ſhe lowr's
And in her looks and geſtures loſe thy hours.
Thy legs with eating pumice do not wear,
Uſe not hot Irons to criſp and curl thy hair;
No ſpruce ſtarcht faſhions ſhould on Lovers wait,
Men beſt become a meer neglected gate.
Blunt *Theſeus* came with no perfumes to *Crete*,
And yet great *Minos* Daughter thought him ſweet;
Phædra did love *Hippolytus*, yet he
Had on his back no Courtly bravery.
Adonis like a wood-man ſtill was clad,
Yet *Venus* doated on the lovely Lad,
Go neat and handſome, comelineſs beſt pleaſes,
And the deſire of women ſooneſt raiſes.

Uſe a meet gate, thy garments without ſtain,
Keep not thy face from weather nor from rain.
Thy tongue have without roughneſs, thy teeth clear
And white, and let no ruſt inhabit there.
Wear thy ſhooes cloſe and fit, and not too wide;
Cut thy hair compaſs even on either ſide:
Let no diſordered hairs here and there ſtand,
But have thy Beard trimm'd with a skilful hand.
Make blunt thy nails, pare them and keep them low,
Let no ſtiff hairs within thy Noſtrils grow:
Keep thy breath ſweet and freſh, leſt rank it ſmell,
Such is the air where bearded Goats do dwell.
All other looſe tricks and effeminate toys,
Leave thou to wanton Girles and jugling Boys.
Behold young *Bacchus* me his Poet names,
He favours Lovers and thoſe amorous flames
In which he hath been ſcorch't. It ſo fell out,
Mad *Ariadne* ſtraid the Iſle about;
Being left alone within that deſert plain,
Where the brook *Dia* pours into the main:
Who waking from her reſt, her vail unbound,
Her bare-foot treading on the tender ground,
Her golden hair diſſolv'd, aloud ſhe raves,
Calling on *Theſeus* to the diffus'd waves,
Oh *Theſeus*, cruel *Theſeus*, whom ſhe ſeeks,
Whil'ſt ſhowers of tears make furrows in her cheeks.
She calls and weeps, and weeps and calls at once.
Which might to ruth move e'en the ſenſeleſs ſtones.
Yet both alike became her, they both grac'd her,
The whil'ſt ſhe ſtrives to call him, or weep faſter.
Then beats ſhe her ſoft breaſt, and makes it groan.
And then ſhe cries, What, is falſe *Theſeus* gone?
What ſhall I do? ſhe cries, what ſhall I do?
And with that note ſhe runs the Foreſt through.

The tale of Theſeus and Ariadne.

When ſuddenly her ears might underſtand,
Cymbals and Timbrels toucht with a loud hand:
To which the Forreſt, Woods and Caves reſound.
And now amaz'd ſhe ſenſeleſs falls to ground.
Behold the *Nymphs* come with their ſcattered hair
Falling behind, which they like garments wear,
And the light *Satyrs*, and untoward crew,
Nearer and nearer to the Virgin drew.
Then old *Silenus* on his laſie Aſs
Nods with his drunken pate, about to paſs
Where the poor Lady all in tears lies drown'd,
Scarce ſits the Drunkard, but he falls to ground,
Scarce holds the bridle faſt, but ſtaggering ſtoops,
Following thoſe giddy *Bacchanalian* troops,
Who dance the wild *Lavalto* on the Graſs,
Whilſt with a ſtaff he lays upon his aſs.
At length when the young *Satyrs* leaſt ſuſpect,
He tumbling falls quite from his aſſes neck,
But up they heave him, whilſt each *Satyr* cries
Riſe good old Father, good old Father riſe.
Now comes the God himſelf, next after him,
His vine-like Chariot driven with *Tygers* grim:
Colour and voice, and *Theſeus* the doth lack:
There would ſhe flye, and there fear pull'd her back
She trembles like a ſtalk the wind doth ſhake,
Or a weak Reed that grows beſides the lake.
To whom the God ſpake, Lady take good cheer,
See one more faithful than falſe *Theſeus* here.
Thou ſhalt be wife to *Bacchus*, for a gift
Receive high Heaven, and to the ſphears be lift,
Where thou ſhalt ſhine a Star to guide by night
The wandring Seaman in his courſe aright:
This ſaid, leſt that his *Tygers* ſhould affray
The trembling Maid, the God his Coach doth ſtay,

And leaping from his Chariot with his heels
He prints the ſand, with that the *Nymph* he feels:
And hugging her in vain ſhe doth reſiſt.
He bears her thence, Gods can do what they liſt.
Some *Hymen* ſing, and *Io* ſome do cry,
So *Bacchus* with the Maid that night doth lye:
Therefore when wine in plenteous cups do flow,
And thou that night unto thy love doſt owe:
Pray to the God of grapes, that in thy bed
The quaffing healths do not offend thy head.
In wine much hidden talk thou maiſt invent,
To give thy Lady note of thy intent:
To tell her thou art hers, and ſhe is thine,
Thus even at board make love-tricks in the wine.
Nay, I can teach thee though thy tongue be mute,
How with thy ſpeaking eye to move thy ſute:
Good language may be made in looks and winks,
Be firſt that takes the cup wherein ſhe drinks.
And note the very place her lip did touch,
Drink juſt at that, let thy regard be ſuch:
Or when ſhe carves, what part of all the meat
She with her finger touch, that cut and eat:
Or if thou carve to her, or ſhe to thee,
Her hand in taking it touch cunningly.
Be with her Friend Familiar, and be ſure,
It much avails to make thy love endure:
When thou drink'ſt, drink to him above the reſt,
Grace him, and make thy ſelf a thankful gueſt.
In every thing prefer him to his face,
Though in his function he be ne'r ſo baſe.
The courſe is ſafe, and doth ſecureneſs lend,
For who ſuſpectleſs may not greet his Friend? (plain,
Yet though the path thou tread'ſt ſeem ſtraight and
In ſome things it is full of rubs again.

Love tricks uſed in eating and drinking.

Drink ſparingly, for my impoſe is ſuch,
And in your ſingling him take not too much:
Carouſe not too much. Carouſe not but with ſoft and moderate ſups,
Have a regard and meaſure in your cups;
Let both the feet and thoughts their office know.
Chiefly beware of brawling, which may grow
By too much wine; from fighting moſt abſtain,
In ſuch a quarrel was *Eurityd*on ſlain. (after.
Where ſwaggering leads the way, Miſchief come
Junkets and Wine were made for mirth and laughter.
Sing. Dance. Sing, if thy voice be delicate and ſweet.
If thou canſt dance, then nimbly ſhake thy feet,
If thou haſt in thee ought that's more than common,
Shew it; ſuch gifts as theſe moſt pleaſe a woman.
Though to be drunk indeed may hurt the brain,
Yet now and then I hold it good to fain,
Inſtruct thy liſping tongue ſometimes to trip,
That if a word miſplac'd do paſs thy lip,
At which the carping preſence find ſome clauſe,
It may be judg'd that quaffing was the cauſe.
Then boldly ſay how happy were that man,
That could enfold thee in his arms? and than
Wiſh to embrace her in her ſweet hearts ſtead,
Whom in her ear thou raveſt to ſee dead.
But when the Tables drawn and ſhe among
The full crew riſing, thruſt into the throng,
And touch her ſoftly as ſhe forth doth go,
And with thy foot tread gently on her toe.
Now is the time to ſpeak, be not afraid,
Him that is bold both love and fortune aid.
Doubt not thy want of Rhetorick, true love ſhow,
Good words unwares upon thy tongue will flow.
Make as thy tongue could wound thy ſoul with grief,
And uſe what art thou canſt to win relief.

All women of themſelves ſelf-loved are,
The fouleſt in their own conceits are fair:
Praiſe them, they will believe thee: I have known
A meer diſſembler a true lover grown,
Proving in earneſt what he fained in ſport.
Then, Oh you maids, uſe men in gentle ſort:
Be affable, and kind, and ſcorn eſchew,
Love forg'd at firſt may at the laſt prove true.
Let fair words work into their hearts, as brooks
Into a hollow bank that over-looks
The margent of the water: praiſe her cheeks,
The colour of her hair commend and like,
Her ſlender finger and her pretty foot,
Her body and each part that 'longs unto't:
And women, as you hope my ſtile ſhall raiſe you.
I charge you to believe men when they praiſe you.
For praiſes pleaſe; the chaſteſt Maids delight
To hear their Lovers in their praiſe to write.
Juno and *Pallas* hate the *Phrygian* ſoyl,
Where *Paris* to their beauties gave the foil.
Even yet they envy *Venus*, and ſtill dare her
To come to a new judgment which is fairer.
The Peacock being praiſed ſpreads his train,
Be ſilent, and he hides his wealth again.
Horſes trapt richly praiſe them in their race,
They will curvet and proudly mend their pace.
Large promiſes in love I much allow;
Nay call the Gods as witneſs to thy vow:
For *Jove* himſelf ſits in the azure skies,
And laughs below at Lovers perjuries,
Commanding *Æolus* to diſperſe them quite:
Even *Jove* himſelf hath falſly ſworn, ſome write,
By *Styx* to *Juno*, and ſince then doth ſhow
Favours to us that falſly ſwear below.

Gods ſurely be Gods, we muſt think they are,
To them burn Incenſe and due rites prepare:
Nor do they ſleep as many think they do.
Lead harmeleſs lives, pay debts and forfeits too.
Keep covenant with thy friend, and baniſh fraud.
Kill not, and ſuch a man the Gods applaud.
Say women none deceive, the Gods have ſpoken,
There is no pain impos'd on faith ſo broken.
Fallere fallentem non eſt fraus. Deceive the ſly Deceiver: they find ſnares,
To catch poor harmleſs Lovers unawares.
Lay the like trains for them. Nine years ſome fain
In *Egypt* there did fall no drop of Rain,
Buſiris killed Thartius becauſe he was a ſtranger. When *Thratius* to the grim *Buſiris* goes,
And from the Oracle this anſwer ſhows:
That *Jove* muſt be appeas'd with ſtrangers blood,
The ſaid *Buſiris* kill'd him where he ſtood:
And ſaid withal, Thou ſtranger, firſt art ſlain,
To appeaſe the Gods and bring great *Egypt* rain.
In *Phalaris* Bull, King *Phalaris* firſt laid
the ſame work maſter that the Engine made:
Both Kings were juſt, death deaths Inventers try,
And juſtly in their own inventions die.
So ſhould falſe oaths, by right falſe oaths beguile,
And a deceitful Girl be caught by wile:
Then teach thy eyes to weep, tears perſwade truth,
And move obdurate Adamant to ruth.
At ſuch eſpecial times, that paſſing by
Weep to her. She may perceive a tear ſtand in thy eye.
Or if tears fail, as ſtill thou canſt not get them,
With thy moiſt finger rub thy eyes and wet them,
Kiſs her. Who but a fool that cannot judge of bliſſes,
But when he ſpeaks will with his words mix kiſſes?
Say ſhe be coy and will give none at all,
Take them ungiven, perhaps at firſt ſhe'l brawl;

Strive

Strive and reſiſt thee all the ways ſhe can,
And ſay withal, away you naughty man;
Yet will ſhe fight like one would loſe the field,
And ſtriving gladly be conſtrain'd to yield:
Be not ſo boiſterous, do not ſpeak too high:
Leſt by rude hurting of her lips ſhe cry.
He that gets kiſſes with his pleading tongue,
And gets not all things that to love belong;
I count him for a Meacock and a ſot,
Worthy to loſe the kiſſes that he got.
What more than kiſſing wanted of the game,
Was thy meer daſtardy, not baſhful ſhame:
They term it force, ſuch force comes welcome ſtill,
What pleaſeth them they grant againſt their will.
Phœbe the fair was forc'd, ſo was her ſiſter,
Yet *Phœbe* in her heart thank'd him that kiſt her.
There was a tale well known how *Hecubs* ſon,
To ſteal fair *Hellen* through the ſtream did run:
Venus who by his cenſure won in *Ide*,
Gave to him in requital this fair Bride:
Now for another world doth ſail with joy,
A welcome Daughter to the King of *Troy*:
The whileſt the *Grecians* are already come,
Mov'd with his publick wrong againſt *Ilium*:
Achilles in a ſmoke his Sex doth ſmother,
And lays the blame upon his careful Mother.
What makes thou great *Achilles* tozing wooll,
When *Pallas* in a cask ſhould hide thy skull!
What doth that Palm with webs and threds of Gold,
Which are more fit a warlike ſhield to hold?
Why ſhould that right hand rock and twig contain,
By which the *Trojan Hector* muſt be ſlain?
Caſt off theſe looſe vails, and thy armour take,
And in thy hand the ſpear of *Pallas* ſhake.

Thus Lady-like he with a Lady lay,
Till what he was her belly did bewray:
Yet was she forc'd; so ought we to believe,
Not to be so inforc't how would she grieve?
When he should rise from her, still would she cry,
Be secret in Love. For he had arm'd him and his rock laid by,
And with a soft voice spake *Achille* stay,
It is too soon to rise, lie down I pray:
And then the man that forc'd her she would kiss,
What force *Deidamia* call you this?
There is a kind of fear in the first proffer,
But having once begun she takes the offer.
Trust not too much young men to thy fair face,
Nor look a woman should intreat thy grace.
First let a man with sweet words smooth his way,
Be forward in her ear to sue and pray.
If thou wilt reap fruits of thy loves effects,
Only begin, 'tis all that she expects.
So in the ancient times *Olympian Jove*
Made unto *Heroes* suit and won their love:
But if thy words breed scorn, a while forbear,
For many, what most flies them, hold most dear;
And what they may have proffer'd, flie and shun.
By soft retreat great 'vantage may be won.
In person of a wooer come not still,
But sometimes as a Friend in meer good will:
Thou cam'st her Friend, but shalt return her love,
A white soft hew my judgment doth disprove.
Give me a face whose colour knows no art,
Which the green Sea hath tan'd, the Sun made swar
Beauty not approved in a man. Beauty is meer uncomely in a Clown,
That under the hot Planets ploughs the ground.
And thee, that *Pallas* Garland wouldst redeem,
To have a white face, it would ill beseem.

L

Let him that loves, look pale; for I proteſt,
That colour in a Lover ſtill ſhews beſt.
Orion wandring in the woods lookt ſickly,
Daphne being once in love loſt colour quickly.
Thy leanneſs argues love; ſeem ſparely fed,
And ſometimes wear a Night-cap on thy head.
For griefs and cares that in afflictions grow,
Weaken a lovers Spirits, and bring him low.
Look miſerably poor, it much behoves,
That all that ſee you, may ſay, yon man loves.
Shall I proceed or ſtay, move or diſſwade?
Friendſhip and faith of no account are made.
Love mingles right with wrong, friendſhip deſpiſes,
And the world faith holds vain, and ſlightly priſes.
Thy Ladies beauty do not thou commend
To thy Companion or thy truſty Friend:
Leſt of thy praiſe enamoured it may breed
Like Love in them with paſſions that exceed.
Yet was the Nuptual bed of great *Achilles*
Unſtain'd by his dear friend *Actorides:*
The wife of *Theſeus* though ſhe went aſtray,
Was chaſt as much as in *Pirithrous* lay.
Phœbus and *Pallas*, *Hermonie*, *Pylades*,
And the two twins we call *Tantarides*,
Tend to the like; but he that in theſe days,
For the like truſt acquires the ſelf ſame praiſe,
He may as well from weeds ſeek ſweet Roſe buds,
Apples of Thorn Trees, Honey from the floods.
Nothing is practis'd now, but what is ill,
Pleaſures are each mans God, Faith they excell:
And that ſtol'n pleaſure is reſpected chief,
Which falls to one man by anothers grief:
O miſchief! you young Lovers, fear not thoſe,
That are your open and profeſſed foes.

Look pale.

Lean.

Sickly.

Suſpect thy friend in love.

Suſpect thy friend, though elſe in all things juſt,
Yet in thy love he will deceive thy truſt.
Friends breed true fears, in love the preſence hate
Of thy near kinſman, brother and ſworn mate.
Quot capita tot ſenſus. I was about to end but lo I ſee,
How many humorous thoughts in women be.
But thou that in my Art thy name wilt raiſe,
A thouſand humours woe a thouſand ways:
One plot of ground all ſimples cannot bring,
This is for Vines, here Corn, there Olives ſpring.
More than be ſeveral ſhapes beneath the skies,
Have women geſtures, thoughts, and fantaſies.
He that is apt will in himſelf deviſe
Innumerable ſhapes of fit diſguiſe,
To ſhift and change like *Proteus*, whom we ſee,
A Lyon firſt, a Boar, and then a Tree.
Some fiſhes ſtrangely by a Dart are took,
Theſe by a Net, and others by a Hook:
All ages not alike entrapped are,
The crooked old wife ſees the train from far.
Appear not learned unto one that's rude,
Nor looſe to one with chaſtity indu'd:
Should you ſo do, alas the pretty Elves
Would in the want of art diſtruſt themſelves.
Hence comes it, their beſt fortune ſome refuſe,
And the baſe bed of an inferiour chuſe:
Part of my toyls remains, and part is paſt,
Here doth my ſhaken ſhip her Anchor caſt.

FINIS.

THE SECOND BOOK.

SIng *Io Pæan*, twice, twice *Io* ſay,
My toyls are pitcht, and I have caught my prey.
Let the glad lover crown my head with bays,
And before old blind *Homer Ovid* praiſe.
So did King *Priams* ſon exulting skip, *Paris.*
With the fair raviſhed *Helen* in his ſhip:
So did he ſing that in his chariot run, *Pelops.*
And victor like the bright *Atlanta* won.
Whether away young man thy Bark is loſt,
Yet in the mid-Sea far from any coaſt:
'Tis not enough to thee by my new art,
To find a Lady that commands thy heart.
The reach of my invention is much deeper
By art thou her ſhalt win, by art ſhalt keep her.
As difficult it is by art to bind her
To thy deſires, as at the firſt to find her.
In this conſiſts the ſubſtance of my skill,
Cupid and *Venus* both aſſiſt me ſtill.
And gracious *Erato* my ſtile prepare,
Thou art the Muſe that haſt of Lovers care.
I promiſe wondrous things, I will explain,
How fickle thoughts in love may firm remain,

And

And how the wag in fetters may be hurl'd,
That ſtrays and wanders round about the world,
Yet is love light and hath two wings to fly:
'Tis hard to out-ſtrive him mounting the sky.
What *Minos* to his gueſt always denied,
A deſperate paſſage through the air he tried:
The tale of Dædalus & his Son Icarus. As *Dædalus* the Labyrinth hath built,
In which to ſhut the Queen *Paſiphaes* guilt,
Kneeling he ſays, Juſt *Minos* end my mones,
And let my Native Country ſhroud my bones.
Grant me great King, what yet the fates deny,
And where I have not liv'd, oh! let me die:
Or if dread Soveraign I deſerve no grace,
Look with a piteous eye on my childs face:
And grant him leave from whence we are exil'd,
Or pity me, if thou deny my child.
This and much more he ſays, but all in vain:
Both ſon and ſire ſtill doth the King detain.
Which he perceiving, ſaid, Now, now 'tis fit,
To give the world cauſe to admire thy wit:
The Land and Sea are watcht by day and night,
Nor Land nor Sea lies open to our flight:
Only the air remains, then let us try
To cut a paſſage through the air and flie:
Jove be auſpicious to my enterpriſe,
I covet not to mount above the skies,
But make this refuge, ſince I can prepare
No means to flee my Lord but through the air:
Make me immortal, bring me to the brim
Of the black *Stygian* waters, *Styx* I'le ſwim.
O humane wit, thou canſt invent much ill,
Thou ſearcheſt ſtrange arts: who would think by skill
A heavy man like a light Bird ſhould ſtray,
And through the empty Heavens find a fit way?

He placeth in juſt order all his quills,
Whoſe bottoms with diſſolved wax he fills.
Then binds them with a line, and being faſt tied,
He placeth them like Oars, on either ſide.
The little Lad the downy feathers blew,
And what his Father wrought he nothing knew:
The wax he ſoftned, with the ſtrings he plaid,
Not thinking for his Shoulders they were made:
To whom his Father ſpake, and then lookt pale,
With theſe ſwift ſhips we to our Land muſt ſail.
All paſſage now doth eruel *Minos* ſtop,
Only the empty air he ſtill leaves ope:
That way muſt we, the Land and the rough deep,
Doth *Minos* ſtop, the air he cannot keep.
But in the way beware thou ſet no eye
On the ſign *Virgo* nor *Bootes* high:
Look not the black *Orion* in the face,
That bears a Sword, but juſt with me keep pace,
Thy wings are now in faſtning, follow me,
I will before thee flie; as thou ſhalt ſee
Thy Father mount or ſtoop, ſo I arreed thee,
Take me thy guide and ſafely I will lead thee.
If we ſhould ſoar too near great *Phœbus* ſeat,
The melting wax will not endure the heat;
Or if we flie too near the humid ſeas,
Our moiſtned wings we ſhall not ſhake with eaſe.
Fly between both, and with the guſts that riſe,
Let thy light body ſail amidſt the skies.
And ever as his little ſon he charms,
He fits the Feathers to his tender arms,
And ſhews him how to move his body light,
As birds do teach the little young ones flight:
By this he calls a Council of his wits,
And his own wings unto his ſhoulders fits.

Being

Being about to riſe he fearful quakes,
And in his new way his faint body ſhakes:
But ere he took his flight he kiſt his ſon,
Whilſt floods of tears down by his cheeks did run.
There was a hillock not ſo high and tall
As lofty Mountains be, nor yet ſo ſmall
To be with vallies even and yet a hill,
From this they both attempt their uncouth skill:
The Father moves his wings, and with reſpect
His eyes upon his wandring ſon reflect.
They bear a ſpacious courſe, and the apt boy,
Fearleſs of harms in this new tract doth joy,
And flies more boldly: now upon them looks
The fiſher-men that angle in the Brooks,
And with their eyes caſt upward frighted ſtand.
By this is *Samos* Iſle on their left hand:
With *Naxos*, *Paros*, *Delphos*, and the reſt,
Fearleſs they take the courſe that likes them beſt.
Upon the right-hand *Eurithos* they forſake,
Now *Aſtpelen* with my fiſhy lake,
Shady *Pachinne* full of woods and groves:
When the raſh boy too bold in vent'ring roves,
Loſes his guide, and takes his flight ſo high,
That the ſoft wax againſt the Sun doth fry,
And the cords break that made the feathers faſt,
So that his arms have power upon no blaſts:
He fearfully from the high clouds looks down,
Upon the lower Heavens, whoſe curl'd waves frown
At his ambitious height, and from the skies
He ſees black night and death before his eyes;
Now melts the wax, his naked arm he ſhakes,
And ſeeking to catch hold no hold he takes.
But now the naked Lad down head long falls,
And by the way he Father, Father calls:

Help

Help Father, help he cries, and as he ſpeaks,
A violent wave his courſe of language breaks.
The unhappy Father, but no Father now,
Cries out aloud, ſon *Icarus* where art thou:
Where art thou *Icarus*? where doſt thou flie:
Icarus where art thou? When ſtraight he doth eſpie,
The feathers ſwim, thus loud he doth exclaim,
The earth his bones, the ſea ſtill keep his name.
Minos could not reſtrain a man from flight,
But winged *Cupid* be he nere ſo light.
He gulls himſelf that ſeeks to witches craft, — *Uſe in Charmes.*
Or with a young Colts forehead makes a draft,
No power in wiſe *Medea's* potions dwells, — *No Magick potions.*
Nor drowned poiſons mixt with Magick ſpells
The power of love is not inforc'd by theſe,
For were it ſo, then had *Erſonides*
Been ſtay'd by *Phaſius*, and *Ulyſſes* kept,
Who ſtole from *Circe*, while the Inchantreſs ſlept.
Theſe charmed drugs move madneſs, hurt the brain:
To gain pure love, pure love return again.
Miſchievous thoughts eſchew to purchaſe grace, — *Uſe manners.*
Manners prevail more than a beauteous face.
And yet the *Nymphs* the love of *Nilus* ſeek,
And *Homer* doats on *Nicetus* the fair Greek.
But truſt not thou the beauty to keep kind,
Thy Miſtriſs ſeeks the beauty of the mind.
All outward b auty fades as years encreaſe,
Even ſo it wears away and waxeth leſs.
Beauty in her own courſe is overtaken,
The Violet now freſh is, ſtraight forſaken.
Nor always do the Lillies of the field,
The glorious beauties of their object yield.
The fragrant Roſe once pluckt, the briery thorn
Shews rough and naked, on which the Roſe was born.

Oh

Oh thou moſt fair, white hairs come on apace,
And wrinkled furrows which will plough thy face:
Inſtruct thy ſoul, thy thoughts have perfect made,
Theſe beauties laſt till death, all others fade.
To liberal arts thy careful hours apply,
Learn many tongues with their true Euphony:
Ulyſſes was not fair but eloquent,
Yet to his Love the Sea *Nymphs* did conſent.
How often did the witch his ſtay implore,
Making the Seas unfit for Sail or Oar?
She pray'd him oft, becauſe he ſpake ſo well,
Over and over *Troys* ſad fate to tell.
Whilſt he with pithy words and fluent phraſe,
Recites the ſelf ſame ſtory divers ways:
Calypſo, as they on the Sea bank ſtood,
Caſting their eyes upon the neighbouring flood,
Deſires the fall and bloody acts to hear,
Wrought by th' *Odryſian* Captains ſword and ſpear.
Then holding 'twixt his fingers a white wand,
What ſhe requeſts he draws upon the ſand.
Here's *Troy*, quoth he, and then the walls he paints,
Think *Simois* this image, theſe my tents;
There was the place in which *Dolon* was ſlain,
About the Vigil watch, when with the rein
Th' *Hemonian* Horſes play; and as he ſpeaks,
To counterfeit that place the ſand he breaks.
Here *Scythian Rhoſus* tents are pitcht on high,
This way his Horſemen ſlain, returned I.
More did he draw, when on the ſudden lo,
A ſweeping wave the ſhore doth overflow.
And as her drops amidſt his works doth fall,
It waſht away his tents, his *Troy* and all:
To which the Goddeſs; Dares *Ulyſſes* try
Theſe ſenſeleſs violent waves that clim ſo high:

And wilt thou with theſe waters be annoyed,
By which ſo great names are ſo ſoon deſtroyed?
Then truſt no idle ſhape, it will decay,
Seek inward beauty, ſuch as laſts for aye.
Sweet affability will enter far — *Be affable.*
Into a womans breaſt, when ſcorn breeds war.
We hate the Hawk and loath her fleſh to eat,
Becauſe by rapine ſhe doth get her meat.
The wolf we hunt, and envy all her ſtock,
Becauſe the Lamb ſhe kills, and ſpoils the flock:
But none the gentle Swallow lays to catch,
The loving Storks within our turrets hatch.
Away with quarrels, bitter words, rough deeds, *Shun ſtrife.*
Love with kind language and fair ſpeeches ſpeeds.
Striſe makes the married couple often jar;
The man with wife, the wife with man to war:
Leave brauls to wives, they are their marriage dower.
Let thy ſweet-heart hear nothing that is ſowr.
When by appointment you ſhall meet in bed,
And by Laws tye you are not thither led:
Strict Statutes from ſuch actions ſtill withdraw,
Let your abounding love ſupply the law: —
Bring loving ſpeeches to enchant the ear, *Be loving.*
And moving words ſuch as ſhe joys to hear.
I am not Tutor unto him that's rich,
My precepts ſoar not to ſo high a pitch.
The Lover that's endowed with Gold or fee,
And comes with gifts, he hath no need of me.
He that at every word can take ſupply,
Hath in that very word more wit than I:
We yield to him: he that their laps can fill,
Teacheth an art that goes beyond my ſkill.
My Muſe inſtructs poor Lovers wanting pelf,
For when I lov'd I was but poor my ſelf.

Still

Still as my purſe no ſtore of crowns affords,
I in the ſtead of rich gifts give fair words:
Be fearful you poor lovers to diſpleaſe,
Be patient. Be patient to endure things againſt your eaſe.
Things that the rich would ſcorn: it was my hap
Once as my head lay in my Miſtreſs lap,
To grow inrag'd, then ſtreight I fell to beat her,
To rouſe her ordered Locks and ill intreat her.
Bnt what enſued? Oh God, much grief it coſt me,
Many ſweet days, many ſweet nights it loſt me.
Whether I toucht her cloaths, I might deny,
She ſays I tore them, I ſome new muſt buy:
You Scholars by your Maſters harms beware,
Theſe ills by him already proved are.
Make againſt the *Parthians* war, but to thy love
Bring concord, peace, and all things that can move:
Though at the firſt you find her but untoward,
Bear it, and ſhe in time will prove leſs froward.
The crooked arm that from the tree is cut
By gentle uſage is made ſtreight; but put
Such violence to it as thy ſtrength delivers,
And thou wilt break the ſhort wood into ſhivers.
By induſtry thou maiſt o'reſwim a floud,
Whoſe raging current elſe is ſcarce withſtood.
By induſtry the *Tigers* gentle grow:
And the wild Lyons may be tamed ſo.
The ſavage Bulls whoſe fierce ire doth provoke,
By induſtry are brought unto the yoke:
Arcadian Atalanta was moſt cruel,
At length came one whom ſhe eſteemed her Jewel.
Oft wept *Hippomanes* at his miſhap,
And her ſeverity, who ſought to intrap
Her harmleſs Lovers, oft at her fierce beck;
He laid betwixt his ſhoulders and her neck.

The toyls for Savage Beaſts: and with his ſpear
He pierc'd ſuch untam'd Cattle as came near:
To ſuch hard tasks I do not thee compel
To arm thy body againſt Monſters fell.
In the wild wilderneſs to ſeek out broyls,
Nor on thy neck to bear the guileful toyls.
My impoſition is not ſo ſevere:
No ſuch adventures are injoyned here.
This only means all dangers will diſperſe:
Yield her her humour when ſhe grows perverſe:
When ſhe in conference argues, argue thou,
What ſhe approves, in ſelf-ſame words allow.
Say what ſhe ſays, deny what ſhe denies,
If ſhe laugh, laugh; if ſhe weep wet thine eyes.
And let her count'nance be to thine a law,
To keep thy actions and thy looks in awe:
Or if thou hand to hand ſhalt play at dice,
At tables or at cheſs, by ſome device
Let her depart a Conquerour, elſe 'twere ſin,
What gladly thou wouldſt loſe, that let her win.
Let thy officious hand then bear her fan.
When thou ſhalt chance her through the ſtreets to man
Make thy ſupporting arm to hers a ſtay,
Through throngs and preſſes uſher her the way.
As ſhe aſcends her bed ſet her a ſtair,
By which to climb, and every thing prepare:
That ſhe may ſee them done without offence;
Reach thou her pantofles, or take them thence.
And ſtanding by to watch her while ſhe reſts,
Warm thy cold hands betwixt her panting breaſts.
Nor think it baſe, 'twill pleaſe though it be baſe,
To hold the glaſs unto thy Miſtriſs face.
He that deſerv'd within thoſe Heavens to tarry,
Which he before upon his back did carry,

Humour her.

Loſe to her at game.

Bear her fan.

Hercules.

Perfo rming.

Performing more than *Juno* could command him,
So ſtrong that no fierce Monſter could withſtand him.
Even he *Alcides*, *Iolas* Grace to win,
Shap't like a woman did both card and ſpin.
Go thou, and in his ſervile place proceed,
And gain as fair a Miſtriſs for thy meed.
Art thou enjoyn'd at ſuch an hour to be
In the great *Forum* where ſhe waits for thee?
Haſten thy weary ſteps, and thank thy fate,
Come there betimes, depart not thence till late.
Bids ſhe thee go? all buſineſs lay apart,
Run, till with extream heat thou melt thy heart.
Sups ſhe abroad? and wants ſhe one to attend her
Back to her lodging? it will not offend her
To wait her at the ſame place in the porch,
And light her home directly with a torch.
Is ſhe in the Country and commands thee come?
Haſt thou no Coach? upon thy ten toes run.
Let neither winter blaſt nor ſtorms of hail,
Nor the hot thirſty Dog-ſtar let thee fail:
Shun neither heat nor cold, but ſee thou go,
Though every ſtep thou treadſt knee deep in Snow.
Love is a kind of war, all ſuch depart,
As bear a timerous or a ſlothful heart.
Nights, winters long ways, watchings, grief in millions,
Torment loves Souldiers in their ſoft pavillions:
On cold ground thou muſt lie, bear many a ſhower
When the Heavens open and the floodgates pour.
So *Phœbus* when *Admetus* ſheep he kept,
In a thatcht Cottage on the cold floor ſlept.
What *Phœbus* did, whom may it not beſeem?
Better than *Phœbus* of himſelf eſteem
What mortal Lover dare? then ſloth deſpiſe,
You that confirmed and laſting love deviſe.

If at the outward gates a watch ſtand centry,
Or ſay the blocks or locks deny thee entry,
Search ſome ſtrange paſſage, through a Caſement crall,
Or by a Cord down from the Chimney fall.
Thee in her loving arms ſhe ſtraight will take,
Rejoycing thou wilt hazard for her ſake.
Every vain fear and danger thou doſt prove,
Is a ſure pledge and token of thy love.
Oft had *Leander* without *Hero* ſlept,
To find his love into the Sea he leapt.
Think it no ſhame the favour to deſerve
Of every maid that doth thy Miſtriſs ſerve:
Salute them by their names in courteous ſort.
For theſe are they that can prefer thy ſport.
And more and more into their grace to grow,
Some trifling gifts on each of them beſtow:
Eſpecially regard her ſmiles or frowns,
Whoſe office is to bruſh her Miſtriſs Gowns.
To her make means, for ſhe is a groom-porter
Both to her bed and ſuch as do reſort her:
Great and rich gifts I do not bid thee ſend her,
I mean thy Love, but knacks of value ſlender:
As when the Orchard boughs are clog'd with fruit,
In ſome choice Diſh from thence commend thy ſuit.
And let the little page that bears them ſay,
Though thou perhaps haſt bought them by the way,
Theſe pears, or plums, or grapes which I preſent you,
As his firſt-fruits were by my Maſter ſent you.
Or be they Hazel Nuts, or Cheſnuts great,
Even ſuch as *Amaryllis* lov'd to eat;
Or a young *Turkie*, theſe will ſhew thy heart;
Theſe gifts ſend freely, lay thy gold apart:
Such preſents never bring men to deſpair.
To untimely age, or to tormenting care.

Hazard for her.

To uſe her maids.

What gifts to ſend her.

O let them amongst others rot and perish,
That hate mens person, and their presence cherish.
Send her verses. What shall I bid thee send her, meetred Rhimes?
Alas, they find small honour in these times.
Verses they praise, but Gold they most require,
If rich, though barbarous, he commands desire:
This is the golden age: not that of old,
Both life and honour are now bought with gold.
Though *Homer* bring the Muses in the train,
Yet without Gold he may retire again.
Some Girls there be, but they be passing few,
Worthy to rank amongst that learned crew:
Others unlearned are, yet would be held,
As if in skill and judgment they excell'd:
Note. Both let thy verses praise, and in a stile
Of sweetest poesie their worths compile:
Perhaps thy laboured lines they may esteem:
And like a slight gift thy sweet Verses seem,
What thou intend'st to do by some fine feat,
Cause of thy Lady may of thee intreat.
Art thou by covenant ty'd, and must it be,
That thou of force must set thy servant free:
Contrive it so, that it she dare protest,
Thou hadst not freed him but at her request.
Art thou for any rash offence aswag'd,
So make thy peace, that she may be ingag'd:
Do as thy Profit leads thee, and yet so,
That she for every thing thou dost may owe.
Praise her attire. And thou that hast attain'd by passions deep
Thy Ladies grace, and would'st her favour keep,
Make her believe still when thou view'st her feature
Through all the world she is the fairest creature.
If cloth of *Tyre* she wear, that habit laud,
Her *Tyrian* vesture with thy tongue applaud.

If ſick which we from rich *Arabia* traffick,
Swear ſuch attire cannot be found through *Africk*.
If cloth of Gold ſhe wear, tuſh Gold is baſe,
If you compare her habit to her face:
If in the cold ſhe but a Freeze Gown wear,
Then her perfection makes that garment dear.
Is ſhe compleatly dreſt, and wrapt with joy?
Cry out aloud my heart burns bright as *Troy*.
Doth ſhe above her forehead part her hair?
That lovely ſcene doth make her twice as fair:
Are her curl'd locks in careleſs treſſes dangled?
In theſe criſp knots thy heart muſt be intangled.
If ſhe doth dance, admire her active feet: *Her dancing.*
If ſing, then wonder at her voice ſo ſweet. *Her voice.*
But when ſhe ceaſeth, ſee thou then complain,
Intreating her to try her skill again.
Do this, and were her heart as hard as braſs,
Or more obdurate than *Meduſa's* was,
Yet ſhe in time ſhall be compell'd to yield,
And thou depart a conqu'ror from the field:
Only beware of too apparent flattery,
It will deſtroy the ſiege and tedious battery.
Diſſembling, with art tempered, much imports,
Elſe from all future credit it dehorts.
In autumn when the year is in his pride,
And the Grape full with wine red's on the ſide:
When the clear air keeps a divided ſeat,
Affording ſometimes cold and ſometimes heat.
Women are prone to love healthful and quick.
But if by chance thy Lady be faln ſick,
Make both thy love, zeal, faith, and all things cheap,
Then ſow what with full ſickle thy maiſt reap.
Caſt all about her longing thoughts to pleaſe,
Seem not as if thou loatheſt her diſeaſe,

Imploy thy hand in each thing done unto her,
Theſe offices even of themſelves will wooe her.
Let her behold thee weep as thou ſtandſt by,
That ſhe may drink each tear falls from thy eye.
Vow many things, but all in publick ſtile:
Tell her thy pleaſing dreams to make her ſmile.
And let the trembling Nurſe thought fit to watch,
Bring in her ſhaking hand a kindled match:
Let her peruſe the bed and make it ſoft,
Whilſt with thy hand thou turn'ſt and rear'ſt it oft.
Theſe are the eaſie footſteps thou muſt tread,
Which have made way to many a wanton bed:
No ſuch fair office can with hate be ſtain'd,
Rather by theſe affection is ſoon gain'd.
But miniſter no druggs of bitter juice,
Such let thy rival temper to his uſe.
Now greater guſts muſt to my Bark give motion,
Being from the ſhore lancht forth into the Ocean.
Young love at firſt is weak, and craves forbearing,
But in continuance gathers ſtrength by wearing:
Yon moody Bull of whom thou art afraid,
Being but a Calf thou with his horns haſt plaid:
That tree beneath whoſe branches thou doſt ſtand
To ſhield thee from a ſtorm, was once a wand:
A River at the firſt not once a ſtride,
Increaſeth as he runs his waters wide,
Receiving in freſh Brooks in divers ranks,
Till he in pride have overflown his Banks.
Uſe to converſe with her, the ſpeeder knows,
What ſtrength from cuſtom and acquaintance grows.
Frequent her often, be from her ſeld away,
Keep in her ear and eye both night and day:
And yet ſometimes from theſe thou maiſt deſiſt,
'Tis good one ſhould be ask'd for being miſt.

Frequent her

Be abſent from her ſome convenient ſeaſon, ✗✗ *Be abſent from her.*
And let her reſt a while, it is but reaſon.
The field being ſpar'd returns thee treble gain;
After great drought the earth carrouſes Rain,
Phyllis did love *Demophoon* but not doat,
Until ſhe ſaw his flying ſhip afloat.
Penelope her abſent Lord did mourn, *Ulyſſes.*
So *Laodamia* did till the return
Of her dear ſpouſe. But be not long away, ✗
Cares periſh: now love enters by delay.
When *Menelaus* from his houſe is gone,
Poor *Hellen* is afraid to lie alone:
And to allay theſe fears lodg'd in her breaſt,
In her warm boſom ſhe receives her gueſt.
What madneſs was it *Menelaus*, to ſay,
Thou art abroad, whilſt in thy houſe doth ſtay
Under the ſelf ſame Roof thy Gueſt and Love?
Madman unto the Hawk to turn the Dove.
And who but ſuch a gull would give to keep
Unto the Mountain Wolf full folds of ſheep?
Hellen is blameleſs, ſo is *Paris* too,
And did what thou or I my ſelf would do.
The fault is thine, I tell thee to thy face, ✗
By limiting theſe Lovers time and place;
From thee the ſeed of all thy wrongs are grown:
Whoſe counſel hath ſhe followed but thy own?
Alas what ſhould ſhe do? abroad thou art,
At home thou leav'ſt thy gueſt to play thy part:
To lie alone the poor wench is afraid,
In the next room an amorous ſtranger laid.
Her arms are opened to embrace him, he falls in,
And *Paris* I acquit thee of thy ſin. ✗
Neither the briſled Boar in his fierce wrath, *Woman rage.*
Torn by the ravenous Dogs more anger hath;

Nor Lioneſs when with milk her dugs do ake,
Seeking her loſt whelps, hid within ſome brake;
Nor the ſhort Viper doth more anger threaten,
Whom ſome unwary heel hath cruſht and beaten;
Than a fierce woman ſhews her ſelf in mind,
Her deareſt in adulterous arms to find.
Oh then ſhe ſwells, her fir'd eye burns apace,
And you may ſee her thoughts writ in her face:
Through Swords, through Flames ſhe rushes, there's no ill
So grievous, but ſhe acts it with her will:
This breaks all mutual love though well compounded,
This deſtroys all, though ne're ſo firmly grounded.
Medea did her Husbands guilt repay,
And with her bloody hand *Abſirtis* ſlay.
Yon Swallow which thou ſeeſt was ſuch another:
Before her transformation a fierce Mother:
And that the deeds may yet be underſtood,
The feathers of her breaſt were ſtain'd with blood.
But for all this I task not thy affection,
Of one, and her alone to make Election:
You Gods defend the Fords ſhould prove ſo deep,
Theſe married men have much ado to keep.
Play you the wantons, but being done conceal it,
And by no brags or fooliſh boaſts reveal it.
Meet at no certain hour, give no known gift,
Thy uſual place of meeting often ſhift:
It may be ſhroud diſturbers ſome may ſend thee,
And ſpials may be ſet to apprehend thee.
And when thou writeſt peruſe thy letter firſt,
Before thou ſendſt ſome, take things at the worſt.
Venus being wrong'd, makes war ſtill moving ſorrow
Who late from others grief their mirth did borrow.

Whil

Whilſt *Agamemnon* liv'd with one contented;
His wife was chaſt and never yet repented:
His ſecret blows her heart did ſo provoke,
Wanting a ſword ſhe with his Scabbard ſtroke.
She heard of *Chryſes* and the many jars,
About *Lyrneſis* to encreaſe the wars:
And therefore meer revenge the Lady charms,
To take *Thyeſtes* in her amorous arms.
If when thou haſt gone on thy nightly arrant,
The act by circumſtance 'pears too apparent;
Deny it ſtedfaſtly, what ere they know,
And boldly face them that it was not ſo.
Be not too ſad, or of too mirthful chear,
Leſt in thy countenance thy deeds appear.
In thy cloſe meetings uſe thy nimble knee,
It may perhaps a bold intruder be.
And after ſo repulſed ſcale the Fort,
But venture not too raſhly on thy ſport.
Many there be by whoſe unskilful motions,
You are preſcrib'd ſtrange drugs and divers potions
To make you luſty; they are poyſons all
To infect the body and inflame the gall.
Pepper with biting Nettle-ſeeds they mix,
Of baſtard pellitory ſome few ſticks:
Which beaten and in old wine drunk up clear,
Makes ſprightful men aloft their ſtandards bear:
The Goddeſs that beneath high *Eryx* reigns
Unto her pleaſure no ſuch blood conſtrains:
White ſkallions brought you from *Megara* eat,
With Garden ſage make Sallets to thy meat.
Take new laid Eggs, freſh Honey from the Bees,
Pine apple Nuts full ripe, eat ſuch as theſe; (gick,
This wholeſome fare breeds nought corrupt or tra-
What hath my art to do with helliſh Magick?

Thou that but now waſt bid thy guilt to hide,
Turn from that courſe, boaſt, and in it take pride:
Nor blame the lightneſs of thy Tutors mind,
You ſee we do not ſail ſtill with one wind,
Sometimes the Eaſt, and when his fury fails,
Weſt, North and South by turn do fill our ſails:
The Chariot-driver ſometimes ſlacks his Reins,
Sometimes again his Horſes he reſtrains.
Many there be which calmneſs much doth blind,
And if they find a Rival, grow unkind:
Proſperity makes humane minds grow rank,
Themſelves to know, or their great God to thank.
Nor is it held an eaſie task to find
Men that all fortunes bear with equal mind.
As fire, his ſtrength being waſted, hides his head
In the white aſhes, ſleeping, though not dead;
But when a ſudden blaſt doth come by chance,
Then fire and light all wake as from a trance:
So when with ſloth and reſt the Spirits grow blunt,
Love muſt be quickned even as fire is wont.
Make her to fear and to look pale ſometime,
By ſhewing her ſome inſtance of thy crime,
Which ſhe ſuſpected erſt; in ſome ſtrange veins,
Muſt ſhe abide whilſt ſhe thy guilt complains.
No ſooner the report of this aſſails her,
But colour, voice, and every ſenſe ſtreight fails her.
Then I am he whoſe face ſhe madly tears,
Whom ſhe deſires to have ſtreight by the ears.
Hate me ſhe muſt, and yet, good God! ſhe may n
Without me live ſhe will (alas) but cannot.
Dwell not upon this paſſion, but at length
Make peace, in little time rage gathers ſtrength:
By this her white neck with thy arms imbrace,
Drying the tears that trickle down her face.

Kiſs her yet weeping, her yet weeping ſhow
All the proud ſweets the Queen of love doth know.
This makes true concord in her greateſt rage,
Theſe ſports alone her paſſion can aſſwage.
Peace goes unarm'd and knows not warlike faſhions,
This happy peace is known among all Nations:
Doves by their mutt'ring ſongs ſhew their good wills,
But now they fought, and now they joyn their bills.
The firſt confuſed Maſs no order knew,
Earth Sea and Heaven, had all one face, one hew:
Streight was the Heaven, the Earths large covering made,
The Shore girt in the Sea, not to invade
Either in others bounds, then *Chaos* ceaſt,
And each thing in their ſeveral part increaſt:
The woods receive the beaſts, air the birds take,
Fiſh the Sea chooſe, and the dry Land forſake.
Man wanders in the field and knows no art,
Meer ſtrength his body rules, meer luſt his heart.
Groves were his Cities, ſhadowed boughs his dwelling,
Water his drink, all other drinks excelling.
And long it was ere man the woman knew,
Till pleaſure did their appetites purſue,
And then upon theſe unknown ſweets ſhe venter'd
Where many an unſackt fort was ſcal'd and enter'd.
Art they had none, no man then plaid the Sutor,
But lay with her, and liv'd without a tutor:
Even ſo one Bird doth with another toy,
And the male fiſh doth with the female joy.
The Hart the Doe doth follow, Serpents too
Are with the Serpents held their feat to do:
The Hounds in their adulterate parts were faſt,
The joyful Ewe receives the Ram at laſt.
The Cow with lofty bellowing meets the Bull,
And the rank he-Goats finds the female trull.

The Mare, to try the valiant Horſes courage;
Swims over Fords, and doth large Paſtures forrage.
To thy offended love give this ſtrong potion,
And perfect friendſhip ſtraight ſucceeds the motion.
This Medicine rightly took all hate expels,
Apply it then, others it far excells.
As I was writing, ſo the God of fire
Appears, and with his thumb he ſtroke his lire:
In his right hand a branch of Laurel grew,
A Laurel chaplet I might likewiſe view,
Circle his brow, though all men do not know it;
This ſhews the Sun God *Phœbus* is a Poet.
Who after moving of his head thus ſpake,
Miſtriſs of Love, thy amorous Scholars take,
And lead them to my Temple built on high,
There is an old Sun known in every skie,
Which by his Characters doth plainly ſhow
That every man muſt learn himſelf to know,
Alone he wiſely loves that can do ſo.
He that is fair may ſhew his amorous face,
Whoſe skin is white, to do his colour grace,
Lie naked with his neck and ſhoulders bare;
Let him ſhun ſilence, whoſe diſcourſe is rare.
He that ſings, ſing by art, that drinks drink too
By art, and without cunning nothing do.
Let not the Learned in their words declame,
Nor the vain Poet prate of his own fame,
So *Phœbus* warns, *Phœbus* himſelf hath ſaid it,
And his brave words are worthy to have credit.
To come more near; the Lover that loves wiſely,
If theſe my precepts he obſerve preciſely,
Shall reach his wiſh. Th' earth brings not ſtill increaſe,
Ships when the winds keep in, their courſe do ceaſe.

Few

Few be our helps; but many be our troubles,
Small is our furtherance which our let ſtill doubles.
A lover muſt endure much grief beſides,
For every Hare in *Atho* that abides,
For every Berry that the Olive yields,
For every ſpike of graſs ſprung in the fields,
For every ſhell ſtrow'd on the ſalt Sea ſhore,
Love hath one grief to taſte and ten griefs more.
Art told, that ſhe abroad but now did wander,
Yet in the window ſeeſt her with her Pander?
Blame thou thine eyes, for it ſhall much avail thee,
Think not that news, but that thy eye-ſight fail'd thee.
Locks ſhe the door ſhe promis'd to leave open?
O think not ſhe deceitfully hath ſpoken.
Take up thy lodging, make thy bed the floor,
Thy pillow the cold threſhold of the door.
Perhaps a Maid from high may caſt a flout,
And ask what's he doth keep the gates without.
Yet both the Maid and rude poſts do thou flatter,
Sprinkling the ſeats and portals with Roſe-water.
If ſhe call, come: If bid thee go, then trudge.
Rails ſhe upon thee, doth ſhe call thee drudge?
Nay doth ſhe knock thee? bear it, it is meet,
Nor ſcorn it though ſhe bid thee kiſs her feet.
I dwell on trifles, greater matters hear,
To which though people lend a general ear:
On ſtricter impoſitions now we enter.
Virtue is ſtill imployed on hard adventer.
A rival brook, do this, and by *Joves* power,
Thou art enthron'd a Conquerour in his tower,
O think me not a man that thus doth teach,
Some rough hew'd Oak doth this hard Doctrine preach;

This is the hardeſt thing I can impoſe thee,
If ſhe defile thee, bear it, if ſhe ſhows thee
Her hand, forbear to read it; every day,
When ſhe calls, come; when ſhe commands thee, ſtay;
Thus even the married, to lead peaceful lives,
Are oft enforc'd to endure of their fair wives.
I am not perfect I muſt needs confeſs,
In this my art, though I this art profeſs.
What ſhall I then? my word I cannot keep,
I have no power to ſwim a ſea ſo deep.
Shall any kiſs my Lady I being by,
And to his throat ſhall I not madly fly?
Shall any becken to her and I bear it?
Shall any court her and I ſtand to hear it?
I ſaw one kiſs my Miſtreſs, I complained,
And anger all my vital ſpirits conſtrained.
My love alas! for Barbariſme abound,
And doth my wits and ſpirits whole confound:
That wittal is much better skill'd than I,
Who ſees ſuch fights, and patiently ſtands by.
To keep the room where ſuch things are in place,
Deſpoils the front of ſhamefaſtneſs and grace.
Then oh, you young men, though you come to view,
Your looks beguile you, do not think it true.
Againſt all cenſures I ever hold this plea,
Surprize her not. It is not good to take them *Rem* in *Re*.
Where two are taken napping both alike,
Their mutual guilt makes them the oftner ſtrike.
This tale to Heaven is blaz'd, how unawares
The tale of Venus and Mars. *Venus* and *Mars* were ta'en in *Vulcan's* ſnares:
The God of war doth in his brow diſcover,
The perfect and true pattern of a Lover,
Nor could the Goddeſs *Venus* be ſo cruel,
To deny *Mars*: ſoft kindneſs is a Jewel

In

In any woman, and does become her well;
In this the Queen of love doth moſt excel.
(Oh God!) how often have they mockt and flouted
The Smiths polt-foot, which nothing them miſdoub-
Made jeſts by him and by his begrim'd trade, (ted,
And his ſmudg'd viſage black with cole-duſt made?
Mars tickled with loud laughter when he ſaw,
Venus like *Vulcan* limp and halt, and draw
One foot behind another with a grace,
To counterfeit his odd and uneven pace.
Their meeting firſt they did conceal with fear,
From every ſearching eye and liſt'ning ear.
The God of war and his laſcivious Dame
In publick view were full of baſhfull ſhame.
But the Sun ſpies how this ſweet pair agree;
Oh what bright *Phabus* can be hid from thee?
The Sun both ſees and blabs the ſight forthwith,
And in all poſt he ſpeeds to tell the Smith.
Oh Sun! what bad example doſt thou ſhow,
What thou in ſecret ſeeſt, muſt all men know?
For ſilence ask a bribe from her fair treaſure, (ſure.
She'l grant thee that ſhall make thee ſwell with plea-
The God whoſe face is ſmudg'd with ſmoak and fire,
Placeth about the bed a Net of wire,
So quaintly made that it deceives the eye.
Streight as he feigns to *Lemnos* he muſt hie:
The Lovers meet where he the train hath ſet,
And both lay catch't within the wiery Net.
He calls the Gods, the lovers naked ſprawl
And cannot riſe; the Queen of love ſhews all.
Mars chafes, and *Venus* weeps, neither can flinch,
Grappled they lye, in vain they kick and winch.
Their legs are one within anothers ty'd,
Their hands ſo faſt that they can nothing hide.

Amongſt

Amongſt theſe high ſpectators one by chance,
That ſaw them naked in this pitfal dance,
Thus to himſelf ſaid, If that it tedious be,
Good God of war beſtow thy place on me.
Scarce at thy prayer, God *Neptune*, he unbound them
But would have left them as the God there found them.
The nets unti'd, *Mars* ſtraight repairs to *Crete*,
Venus to *Paphos*, after that they meet.
What did this help thee *Vulcan*? ſhall I tell thee,
Unto more grief and rage it will compel thee:
The publick meeting which at firſt ſhame cover s
Is now made free; who knows not they be Lovers?
There is no hope they ſhould be now reclaim'd,
Worſe than they have been, how ſhould they be ſham'd?
Of thy raſh deed it often doth repent thee,
Mad art thou in thy mind, yet muſt content thee.
This I forbid you, ſo doth *Venus* too,
It harmed her, and ſhe forwarns it you.
Lay for thy rival then no ſecret ſnares,
Nor intercept his tokens unawares:
Let thoſe cloſe pranks by ſuch juſt men be tri'd,
That are by fire and water purifi'd.
Behold once more I give you all to know,
Save wanton loves my art doth nothing ſhow.
No govern'd Matron well and chaſtly guided
I here proteſt is in my verſe derided.
What prophane man at *Ceres* kites dare ſmile,
Or blab her ſecrets kept in *Samos* Iſle;
Silence is held a virtue, ſilence then:
Tell-tales and blabs, fie, *Venus* hates ſuch men.
For blabbing *Tantalus* is plac'd in Hell,
And there muſt ever and for ever dwell;

Hungry, whilſt ripened fruit hangs by his lip;
Thirſty, whilſt water by his chin doth ſlip.
But *Venus* more deſires than any other,
Her ſecret myſteries and rites to ſmother.
I charge you let no Tell-tales hither come,
Such amongſt many there muſt needs be ſome:
Hide her reports from every ear that lifts,
And lock her ſecrets up in brazen Cheſts
In their new births till pleaſures buried lie,
'Twixt us they grow, betwixt us let them die.
Her naked parts if ſhe to any ſhows,
Her readieſt hand to ſhadow them ſhe throws.
The ſhameleſs beaſts in common fields do ſtray,
And act their generation at noon day,
Which Maids by chance eſpying, cry Oh ſpight,
and through their fingers look to ſee the ſight.
But when our Lover with his Miſtriſs meets,
Have beds and doors ſhut'twixt them and the ſtreets;
With cloaths and veils their nakedneſs they ſhroud,
Wiſhing the bright Sun hid behind ſome cloud,
Even in thoſe days when men on Acorns fed,
And the green Turff was made the general bed,
When no thatcht Cottage or poor houſe was builded,
By which from heat or cold they might be ſhielded,
Into the woods and caves the people went,
And their ſweet pleaſures there remotely ſpent.
In the Suns preſence they ſhew'd nothing bare:
The rudeſt and moſt barbarous had this care,
As loth the day ſhould view their publick ſhames.
Now to their nightly actions they give names,
Bargains and price is made in all their doings,
And nothing coſts us dearer than our woings.
Let not thy talk be when thou com'ſt in place.
To ſay that this, or that wench did me grace:

Or point then with thy finger; it may fall,
Thus thou maiſt loſe her whom thou lov'ſt and all.
Others there be from ſtreet to ſtreet do wander,
And innocent women in the ſhops do ſlander.
Forging of them they know not, many a lye,
which were they true they gladly would deny:
For who command not? Nay their ſpoil is ſuch,
Whoſe breaſt they cannot fold, their names they touch.
Go then thou odious Pander thou keepſt whores,
A thouſand locks hang faſt upon thy doors:
Part of her honeſt canſt thou keep within,
When her whole name abroad is full of ſin?
Neceſſary obſervations in a Lover.
Do not their wanton wiſhes make them naught,
When they deſire to be as they are thought?
Sincereſt Lovers we ſparingly do teach,
Yet like no publick craft their names impeach.
Diſſemble every fault in their complections,
Hit not in womens teeth their imperfections:
I wiſh you rather ſmother them, than blame them,
They love if you praiſe them, hate if ſhame them.
Andromache was belly, ſides and back,
To *Perſeus* ſeen, he did not term her black.
Andromache was of too huge a ſtature,
One loving *Hector* prais'd her gifts of nature,
And lik'd her ſelf. What is at firſt deſpiſed.
Seems not ſo groſs when men be well adviſed,
Continence and acquaintance wears away
Such ſpots as are apparent the firſt day.
A young plant cloathed in a tender rind,
Cannot withſtand the fury of the wind,
But when his bark is grown, he ſcorns each blaſt,
In ſpight of whom he grows and bears at laſt:
Every ſucceeding week and following day,
Take from acquainted looks a ſtain away,

And

And what to day a groſs blot thou wouldſt gueſs,
To morrow in thy eye appears much leſs.
Young Heifers cannot be induc'd to bear
The rank and luſty Bull for the firſt year:
But their Society acquaints the ſmell,
After continuance they can brook it well.
Then favour their diſgraces and relieve them,
Blemiſhes help by the good names you give them.
To her whoſe skin is black as *Ebon* was,
I've ſaid ere now, Oh 'tis a good brown laſs.
Or if ſhe look aſquint, as I am true,
So *Venus* looks: if ſhe be black of hew,
Pale, for the world *Pallas:* be ſhe grown
Yellow, by Heavens *Minerva* up and down:
If ſhe be tall, then for her height commend her;
She that is lean like envy, term her ſlender:
She that is dwarfiſh, name her light and quick,
And call her neat, well ſet that's grubbed thick,
She that is puft like *Boreas* in the cheek,
It but full fac'd and *Dapone* ſhe is like.
Thus qualifie their faults, not to diſgrace them,
But in a higher rank of beauty place them.
Or happ'neſt thou of one but dim of ſight,
Wrinkled her brow, her griſled hair turn'd white,
Her Noſe and Chin half met? She would take ſcorn
To tell who Conſul was when ſhe was born.
Then if to ſuch thy love thou wilt engage,
Look that at no time thou doſt ask her age.
Though ſhe want teeth and have a fluttering tongue,
Yet ſhe takes pains to be accounted young.
This is the age, young men, that brings the gain,
And plenteous harveſt of the ſpring-tides pain.
Imploy your ſelves then in your youth and ſtrength,
Age with a ſoft pace ſteals on you at length.

Spend

Spend thou thy youth at ſea, or till the land,
Or take a warlike weapon in thy hand,
Follow the wars, ſiege towns, or lye in trenches,
Or if not ſo, then learn to love fair wenches.
It is a warfare too, when men are trained,
And even by this imployment wealth is gained:
Such diſcipline, ſuch practice muſt be uſed
By us, as thoſe who hoſtile arms have chuſed.
Some women by their induſtry and pains,
The loſs of years recovers and regains:
Times ſpeedy courſe is by their art control'd,
They can perſerve themſelves from being old.
Their amorous paſtimes and laſcivious plays,
They ſhape and faſhion many thouſand ways:
With ſundry pleaſures they their trade commix,
And every ſeveral day deviſe new tricks:
They can provoke the appetite and pleaſe it,
Conjure the ſpirit up and ſtraight appeaſe it.
But theſe rich feaſts of ſweets which they prepare,
Women and men ſhould both of even hands ſhare,
I hate the bed that yields not mutual joys,
And that's the cauſe I love not jugling boys:
I hate t'embrace her, that no ſpirit will uſe,
Yielding no more than what ſhe cannot chuſe.
I like not pleaſure, though I like the beauty,
Laſſes of Love perform not, but of duty:
Duty away, I baniſh thee the place,
Where mutual Lovers mutual ſweets embrace.
Let me the muſick of her ſoft voice hear,
Whiſpering her raviſh't pleaſures in my ear,
To bid me on, then pauſe, proceed, then ſtay,
And tir'd with that, to try ſome other way.
Let me behold her eyes turn up the whites,
Now to be rapt, now languiſh in delights,

Theſe prodigal pleaſures nature hath not given,
to the firſt age a little above ſeven.
The wine that from the unripe grape is preſt,
Is tart and ſour, the mellow wine taſts beſt:
The palm tree till it hath a well grown rind,
Cannot withſtand the violence of the wind.
The mead new mown doth prick the feet that's bare.
I grant thee young *Hermione* was fair:
But to prefer the girl before the mother,
The beauteous *Hellen*; neither one nor other
Can ſo blaſphem: here's *George* ſome adore her:
But who praiſe her before the Saint that bore her?
Now I ſuppoſe ripe fruits I moſt approve,
And in my thoughts I covet mellowed love.
Yon bed new toſt, behold where it diſcovers,
The curtains being drawn to wanton lovers:
There ſtay my muſe, no further now proceed,
Without thy help they both can ſpeak and ſpeed.
Without thy help kind words will quickly paſs
Betwixt the Lover and his amorous Laſs:
Without thy help their hands will nimbly creep,
And in each privy place their office keep.
Nay every finger will it ſelf imploy,
To add increaſe to thy imperfect joy:
Handling thoſe parts where love his darts doth hide.
This valiant *Hector* with his wife hath tri'd;
Andromache to this of force muſt yield,
His valour was not only in the field:
This ſtout *Achilles* of his love deſired,
When with the ſlaughter of his enemies tired,
He unarm'd his back, his belly, and his head,
To tumble with her on a down ſoft bed;
Thou didſt rejoyce, *Briſeis*, to embrace
His bruiſed corps, and kiſs his blood-ſtained face.

Theſe

Theſe warlike hands that did but late embrew
Themſelves in blood of *Trojans* whom they ſlew,
Were now imploy'd to tickle, touch and feel,
And ſhake a Lance that hath no point of ſteel:
Believe me, for I ſpeak as I have taſted,
The ſports of *Venus* are not to be haſted.
They ſhould be rather by degrees prolonged:
By too much ſpeed much of the ſport is wronged,
When thou by chance haſt hit upon the place,
Which being toucht a Girl ſtill hides her face;
Forbear not though ſhe bluſh and ſpring and kick.
And tumbling ſhew thee many a gamble trick.
Thou ſhalt behold her ſtraightly ſtill amazed,
Her eyes with a laſcivious tincture glazed,
Affording a ſtrange kind of humid light,
As when the Moon in water ſhines by night.
Let neither amorous words ceaſe their inchanting,
Murmur nor whiſpering ſounds of joys be wanting;
Yea there let every ſweet content reſort,
Every word, deed or thought that furthers ſport.
Let not thy Miſtriſs uſe too ſwift a tail,
Nor let thy haſte beyond her ſpeed prevail:
Both keep one courſe, your Oars together ſtrike,
Your journeys on then, make your pace alike.
Together ſtrive at once, win to the Mark,
You may no queſtion grope it in the dark;
Then is the fulneſs of all ſweet content,
When both at once ſtrive, both at once are ſpent.
Such courſe obſerve when as the time is free;
And that no jealous eyes attend on thee:
Being ſecure no future danger near,
Then thou mayſt boldly dally without fear.
But if thou beeſt not ſafe and haſt ſhort leiſure,
Doubtful to be diſturbed amidſt thy pleaſure,

Ma

Make then what ſpeed thou canſt, uſe all thy force,
And clap a ſharp ſpur to a jade pack Horſe.
My work is at an end, the palm bring me,
And let the Mirtle garland be my fee.
How much renown'd great *Polydorus* was,
That all the *Greeks* in Phyſick did ſurpaſs,
As famous as great *Neſtor* for his age,
Or ſtrong *Achilles* for his warlike rage:
As much extol'd as *Calchas* for his charms,
Or *Telemonius Ajax* by his arms:
As for his Chariot-skill *Antomedon*,
So great in Love ſhall I be cenſur'd on.
Canonize me your Poet, give me praiſe,
And crown my temples with freſh wreaths of bays:
Let this my laud in every mouth be ſung,
And my fames clangor through the whole Earth rung.
I give you armour, ſuch God *Vulcan* fram'd,
So great *Achilles* he his enemies tam'd,
And ſo do ye; but whatſoever he be,
That by my arms ſubdues his enemy,
This Motto let him give, Lo here's a Laſs,
By *Ovid* my *Arts-maſter* conquered was.
Behold young *Wenches* likewiſe crave my skill,
They ſhall be next inſtructed by my quill.

FINIS.

THE THIRD BOOK.

ARm'd at all points, the *Greek* to field is gone
To encounter with the naked *Amazon:*
Behold like weapons in my power remain.
For thee *Pentheſilea*, and thy train
Go arm'd alike, fight, and they overcome,
Whom ſacred *Venus* favours and her Son:
It were not meet poor naked Girls ſhould ſtand,
To encounter men provided hand to hand.
To conquer at ſuch odds 'twere ſhame for men.
O but ſome ſay, why *Ovid* ſhould thy Pen
Put Poyſon into Snakes, or give to keep
Unto the ravenous Wolf a fold of ſheep?
Oh for ſome few offenders do not blame
All of their Sex, let not a general ſhame
For ſome few faulters their whole brood inherit,
But every one be cenſured as they merit.
Although the two *Atrides* had their lives
Endangered both by falſhood of their wives;
Though falſe *Eryphile* her Husband ſold
To *Polynices* for a chain of Gold:
Yet did the fair *Penelope* live chaſt,
While twice five years her Royal Lord did waſt

In

In bloody battels, and as many more,
Wandring through every sea and unknown shore.
So did the chast *Phyllacides*, and she
The partner of her Husbands grief to be,
Went with him as his page a tedious way;
And in the travel died before her day:
Oh happy *Pheretiades*, thy wife
From death redeemed thee with her own life.
Receive me oh you flames, did *Iphias* cry,
And with my buried husband let me dye:
And with that word she skips into the fire.
All fair endowments that we can desire,
Reign in a womens breast; no marvail then
They with adorned virtues please us men:
But these chast minds my art enjoyneth not,
A softer sail will serve to guide my boat:
Nothing but wanton love flows from my brains,
How pretty wenches may escape mens trains.
A woman neither flames nor swords will shun,
But through them both unto her sweet-heart run:
So will not men: poor girles by them are scoft.
Many times men fail, maids sometimes, not oft.
False *Jason* left *Medea* and her charms,
To clasp another Mistriss in his arms.
As much as in thy power, false *Theseus* lay,
Bright *Ariadne* was a woful prey
To the Sea fowls and Monsters, left alone
In a remote place friendless and unknown.
Many uncertain ways hath *Phyllis* gone,
Being forsaken of her *Demophoon*
And though *Æneas* had a sirname good,
He left his sword to let out *Dido*'s blood.
But what destroys you Ladies, can you tell?
You know not how to love, or fashion well

Your

Your thoughts to art, Love artleſs ſtand unſure,
Art with love temper'd is ſtrong to endure:
Nor ſhould you know it now, but that the Queen
Of ſacred Love was in my viſion ſeen:
And ſtraitly charg'd me that I ſhould impart
To all the Sex the ſecret of my art.
For thus ſhe ſpake, How have poor maids miſdone,
That they 'gainſt armed men muſt naked run?
Two Books have given men weapons in their hands,
The whilſt our fearful Sex unarmed ſtands:
He that rebuk'd Queen *Leda*'s lewd deſire,
Since ſung her praiſe unto a ſweeter lire:
Thy ſelf examine, canſt thou do them domage,
To whom in time thou maiſt perform due homage,
This having ſaid, ſhe took from off her brow
A myrtle wreath, for in a myrtle bow
Her hair was twiſted up, and gave to me
Of leaves and ſeeds a little quantity.
Sraight in my brain I felt a power divine,
Whilſt in the place a purer air did ſhine;
And all the cares that hung upon my heart,
Even at that inſtant I might feel depart.
My wits at ripeſt are; wenches come thick:
Receive my precepts whilſt my wits are quick.
Firſt think how old age hourly doth attend
To ſteal upon thee, ſo be ſure to ſpend
No ſeaſon idle, thou art young, then play,
Years like the running waters glide away.
Thou canſt not ſtay the flood, it ſtreams ſo faſt,
Nor pull the ſhort hours back when they are paſt:
Make uſe of time, for time is ſwift and fleet,
Nor can the following good be all ſo ſweet,
As the firſt pleaſure was; have I not ſeen
This now a withered ſtalk, once freſh and green?

From

From that bare thorn within not many hours,
I had a chaplet of ſweet ſmelling Flowers:
The time ſhall come when thou that doſt exclude
Such Lovers from thy doors as would intrude,
Shall on an empty pillow throw thy head,
Stretching thy ſtiff limbs on a froſty bed:
Nor in the night ſhalt thou be rais'd up late
By ſuch as knock and thunder at the gate;
Nor in the morning when the Cock hath crowed,
Find porch and threſhold with freſh Roſes ſtrowed:
How ſoon alas doth cleareſt colour fade,
How quickly wrincles in thy skin are made!
Look on thy lock, and thou wilt ſadly ſwear,
Age hath too ſoon ſnow'd on thy golden hair.
Snakes throw their age off when they change their skin;
Harts when they caſt their heads, freſh ſtrength begin,
And ſo to th' eye they never aged grow:
Ye have no heads to caſt, no skins to throw,
Your good flies helpleſs, therefore pluck the flower
Which being gathered withers in an hour:
In many Child-birth age is quickly crept,
Fields ſoon grow lean, that are ſo often reapt.
You ſee *Endymion* by the Moon lov'd ſtill,
Nor doth ſhe bluſh thereat; and by thy will,
Aurora, thou wouldſt ever have the name
Of *Cephalus* thy dear, nor thinkſt it ſhame.
Not mentioning *Adonis*, on whoſe hearſe
Venus her ſelf hung many a tragick verſe.
Tell us by whom you Queen born of the ſea,
Had you *Æneas* and *Hermione*?
Oh mortal generations follow theſe,
And practiſe after them being goddeſſes:

Do not deny your raviſhing pleaſures, when
They are beſought you by deſirous men.
Tell me what loſe you by it? what thou haſt,
Thou art poſſeſt of ſtill, and feel'ſt no waſt:
Take thence a thouſand ſweets, be not afraid,
Thou keepſt thy own, and nothing is decaid.
Stones are by uſe made ſoft, iron worn to droſs,
That never wears, and therefore finds no loſs.
Who will deny us at a torch being light
To light a taper till it burn as bright?
Or who would ſtrive in their own power to keep
All the ſpare billows in the vaſty deep?
Yet will a woman plead her love is rare,
And in her plenty ſhe hath nought to ſpare.
Oh tell me why ſo ſtrangé a doubt thou mak'ſt,
Doſt thou but loſe the water that thou tak'ſt?
I ſpeak not this to proſtrate every one,
But leſt you fear vain loſs, where loſs is none.
Now greater guſts my ſwelling ſail muſt ſtrain,
Being from the ſhore new lancht into the main:
Neatneſs required in a woman.
Firſt with their neatneſs I begin, the vine
Well trim'd and prun'd affords us choice of wine.
And in a field well till'd the corn grows tall.
Shape is the gift of God; none amongſt you all,
But in their ſhapes take pride: nay there be many
Proud of their favour, when they ſcarce have any.
Proportion even the greateſt number want,
But art ſupplies where nature hath been ſcant.
Care marrs the face, the face a while neglected
Will grow to ruine, and be nought reſpected.
The Virgins of the old time had this care,
Their bodies and their beauties to repair:
Elſe had the men of former ages ſpent
Their years without their wonted ornament.

If you behold *Andromache* go clad
In manly robes, no marvel, for ſhe had
A ſouldier to her husband: If you ſee
The wife of *Ajax* jet it valiantly,
No marvel, for ſhe was his wife that bare
A ſhield of ſeven Ox-hides thick tan'd with hair.
The world was plain, ſimple and rude of old,
But now abundant *Rome* doth flow with Gold;
And ſhines in Glory with the bright reflection:
All the worlds wealth is under her ſubjection:
Behold the Capitol, and thou wilt ſay,
In theſe great *Jove* hath choos'd to dwell for aye:
This gorgeous Court and Council-houſe was framed
Out of meer ſtubble when King *Tatius* reigned.
Theſe gorgeous Palaces, that 'gainſt the Sun
Do now ſo ſhine, were when they firſt begun,
A paſture for draught Oxen. Let them eaſe
Their thoughts with ancient times, whom old times
I thank the Gods I in this age was born, (pleaſe.
Theſe times my humour fit, old days I ſcorn.
Not becauſe Gold in the earths veins is ſought,
Or ſhells, or ſtones from forraign ſhores are brought,
Nor becauſe marble from the hills is digg'd,
Or voyage ſhips to unknown ſeas are rigg'd.
But becauſe ancient ſordidneſs is gone,
And gallantry has general credit won,
Hang in your ears bright ſtones, but not too dear,
Such as from *Indies* brought are ſold you here.
Go not too grave, nor over rich array'd;
By coſtly garbs are many beggars made.
Neatneſs we love, your hair in order tye,
To keep it within Law thy hands apply.
Nor is there only one kind of attire,
The faſhion that becomes thee beſt, deſire.

Prove every ſhape, but ere it currant paſs,
See thou before take counſel from thy Glaſs.
A long and ſlender viſage beſt allows
To have the hair part, juſt above the brows.
So *Laodameia* ſirnam'd the fair,
Uſ'd when ſhe walked abroad to truſs her hair.
A round, plump face muſt have her trammels tied
In a faſt knot above, her front to hide,
The wire ſupporting it, whilſt either ear,
Bear and in ſight upon each ſide appear.
Some Ladies locks about their ſhoulders fall,
And hanging looſe become them beſt of all:
So *Phœbus* look't when laſt he toucht his Lute.
That other Lady doth her habit ſuit
With chaſt *Diana*, being trickt to go
To ſtrike the ſavage Bore or tameleſs Roe.
She when her hair hangs looſe hath greateſt pride,
This beſt becomes her when her locks are tyed:
You, when her head tire is like a tortoiſe ſhell,
Is rooſt and vaulted well, beſeems it well:
More leaves the Forreſt yields not from the trees,
More beaſts the *Alps* breed not, nor *Hybla* bees,
Than there be faſhions of attire in view,
Every ſucceeding day adds ſomething new.
Many become their tire beſt when they wear
Inſtead of ſpruceneſs a neglected hair:
And being comb'd but now, yet thou ſhalt ſay,
Her hair hath not been toucht ſince yeſterday.
Art doth much change, ſo did *Alcides* ſee
Io attir'd, and ſaid this wench's for me.
So *Gnoſſis* whom the God of grapes commended,
When by his ſhouting *Satyres* being attended,
He found her plac'd locks by the cool wind ſhifted.
With ſcattered hair her to his coach he lifted.

How

How much oh Nature are we bound to thee,
That finds for every grief a remedy?
And as our shapes and colour suffer crosse,
Yet thou hast in thee to repair that losse.
Say that by age or some great sickness had,
Thy head with wonted hair be thinly clad:
Falling away like corn from ripened sheaves,
As thick as *Boreas* blows down *Autumn* leaves.
By *German* herbs thou maist thy hair restore,
And hide the bare scalp that was bald before.
Women have known this art, and of their crew
Many false colours buy to hide the true.
And multitudes, yea more than can be told,
Walk in such hair as they have bought for Gold:
Hair is good Merchandize and grown a trade,
Markets and publick traffick thereof made.
Nor do they blush to cheapen it among
The thickest number and the rudest throngs
Nay even before *Alcides* sacred flames,
And in the presence of the Vestal Dames.
To leave their hair and speak of their attire:
I do not trails or purfled guards desire;
Nor robes of blushing scarlet prised high,
Whose woolf is twice dipt in the *Tyrian* dye:
Look but abroad and thou maist in a trice
Find lighter colours and of far less price
Were it not madness thou in scorn of lack,
Shouldst wear at once thy whole wealth on thy back?
Behold the colour of the azure air,
When in the cloudless day the skie is fair,
And the south wind brings on the earth no showers.
As once it did what time one flow devours
Phryxus and *Hellas*: such a colour chuse,
Tis neat and cheap, but costly dyes refuse:

To help the defects of nature

That pretty colour imitates the waves,
And from their sea-green drops a name it craves.
In this the young *Nymphs* went apparel'd most.
This saffron imitates of no great cost,
And yet she goes attired in saffron weeds,
That every morning decks fair *Phœbus* steeds:
Else such a dye as *Paphian myrtles* yield,
Or such as purple *Amethysts*, or a field
Where nothing save the milk-white roses grow,
Or such an hue as *Thracian Cranes* do show.
Let not, fair *Amaryllis*, wanting be
Thy ackorns, or the blooms of *Almond* tree;
All these of several coloured juice be full,
And with the several colours stain the wool.
So many sundry flowers as the fresh spring
In spight of winters horrid rage doth bring
To deck the earth with: full so many hues
The thirsty wool doth drink, and none refuse,
'Mongst which fair women out of your affections,
Choose them that shall become best your complexions.
She that is brown let her attire be white:
Briseis wore a robe of colour light,
When she was ravisht; others that are fair,
Let their attire be black as *Sables* are:
Swarthy *Andromed* wore a milk white smock,
When she was tied half naked to the rock.
As I have oft admonished, so see
No rank and goatish smell about you be:
Either in armpits or elsewhere; and hair
Upon your legs and thighs must not appear.
I do not teach young maids by *Caucase* bred.
Or such as drink of *Araxes*; but instead
Of barbarous trulls to you, brave girls of *Rome*,
Do I direct my phrase, and to your doom.

To suit their attire to their complexions.

I now inſtruct you how your teeth to fret.
Leſt in their uſe ſome furdneſs they do get:
To rinſe your mouths in water: you have wit
To apprehend my words; betimes to ſit
And in the morning take away the ſlime,
Which makes the white teeth ſubject to ſuch crime.
Let ſuch whoſe cheeks are of hew black and ſwart;
Whom nature reds not, make them red by art:
Art likewiſe fills the wrinkles in the brows;
A skin of died red leather art allows,
To rub your faces with; nor hold it ſhame
To kindle in your eyes a ſpark of flame,
It may be done with ſaffron, which like corn.
Grows near bright *Cydnus* whereas thou wert born.
I have a little book in ſubſtance ſmall,
And yet a work of weight writ to you all,
The Treatiſe is unto your general graces,
How you by art may beſt preſerve your faces:
You whoſe rare beauties have receiv'd a ſcar,
Seek thence your helps, receipts there written are.
You may there find how to reſtore your bloods.
My art was never idle for your goods.
Beware leſt that by chance your boxes ly
Upon the table, and your Loves paſs by:
Throw them aſide, art ſpreads her ſafeſt net
When ſhe is with moſt cunning counterfeit.
Spill not thy drugs alike in every place,
They will offend ſuch as behold thy face;
Corrupting the beholder with ſuch motion,
If he ſhould ſee thy garments ſtand with lotion.
How doth the greaſie rank wools ſmell offend,
Though we for it as far as *Athens* ſend?
Yet it is good for uſe: Not before men.
Uſe thou Deers marrow good for medicin;

To keep their teeth.

Cheek.

Nor before men in presence rub thy teeth,
They both are good, yet harsh to him that seeth.
Many things which in doing we detest,
Being once done they oft times please us best.
These stately pillars in iron carv'd and wrought,
Were a confused rock; this ring he brought
To that good form, was once unfashioned ore;
The costly cloth thou weares't, a rough sheep bore.
The curious picture of fair *Venus* was
Before the cutting an unpolisht mass.
Mind thou thy beauty when we think thee sleeping,
Thy hand, thy box, thy glass their office keeping.
Why should I know how thou art grown so fair;
Shut fast the forge where beauties framed are.
For many things there be men should not know;
The greatest part of them if you should show,
They should offend them much; spare not to shrow
The doing, though the thing done be allowed.
The golden ensigns yonder that appear
So splendid in the gorgeous Theater;
See what thin leaves of Gold toil gild the wood,
Making the columns seem all massy good:
Yet are the audience of all sight debarred,
Untill the shows and sights be full prepared.
So in thy preparation mark this note,
Note. Still make thee ready in a place remote:
Observe this woman. Yet sometimes if thy head be wonderous fair,
Even before men 'tis good to comb thy hair.
The hair a beauty hath which much besots,
Being tyed and wreath'd in pleats and comely knots.
But be not tedious in thy art applying,
Be quick both in the fasting and untying:
Still when thou goest to dress thy self, be safe;
I hate those sullen petrish things that chafe

every idle croſs, who ſcratch and bite
And with their nails and bodkins pinch and fight:
Wounding themſelves in anger; rending, tearing
The wires, the tires, the ruffs which they be wearing,
She that is badly haired, let her before
She dreſs herſelf, ſet watch ſtill at the door.
Upon the ſudden 'twas my chance one day
To preſs into the place, where my ſweet heart lay:
When wondring ſhe un'wares was thruſt upon,
Snatcht up her hair and put the wrong ſide on.
Like cauſe of ſhame let come unto my foe
And ſuch diſgrace unto the *Parthians* go.
A ſcalded beaſt, fields that no graſs will bear,
Trees without leaves; and heads that have no hair,
Are odious to the eye: none of you three,
Europa, *Leda*, or fair *Semele*,
Were ſubject to this want, or me did need,
The help of phyſick in this point to read:
Nor *Helen* thou whom with adviſement deep
Menelaus asks; the *Trojan* ſtill doth keep.
The wanton wenches in full troops paſs hither,
Good, bad, fair, foul, of all ſorts flock together,
And come to be inſtructed; amongſt which
Oft times the fair be poor, the foul be rich.
And yet the faireſt have of me leaſt need.
Their beauty is a dower that doth exceed
My precepts far. The ſea being calm and clear,
The ſecure Seaman all his ſails may bear.
But when it ſwells and is diſturb'd apart,
The troubled Pilot muſt try all his art.
Of every little mole be thou not ſqueamiſh,
Tis hard to find a face that hath no blemiſh.
Yet ſhalt thou ſeek to hide the leaſt diſgrace,
Either in thy proportion or thy face,

If thou beeſt ſhort, thy ſtature hide by wit,
Leſſon for a dwarf Still ſit, leſt ſtanding thou beeſt took to ſit.
And ſtretch thy legs at length out in thy bed,
Leſt that thy ſtature there be meaſured.
Love Dwarf, obſerve my words, I hold it meet,
To have ſome garment thrown upon thy feet.
Remedy for them that be lean. She that is ſlender and no cloaths can fill,
Her double plated gown muſt ſit by skill,
To make her portly, whilſt a robe unbound
From her two ſhoulders falls unto the ground.
Pale. Black. Splay foot. She that is pale, with purple ſtain her cheeks;
She that is black the fiſh of *Pharos* ſeeks,
A ſplay miſhapen foot in white ſhoes hide,
And let dryed legs wear a rich garter ti'd.
Let ſuch whoſe ſhoulder-blades ſtand much in ſight
Wear boulſter'd gowns to make them ſeem upright.
To be ſlender. About a faint and ſlender body wear
A flannel ſwathband or warm ſtomacher,
Such whoſe fat hands are itchy in the joynt,
Scabbed hand. When they diſcourſe let them not uſe to point.
Stinking breath. You that have ſtinking breaths muſt not ſpeak faſting,
But help themſelves by ſome good breakfaſt taſting,
Bad toothed. Elſe chew a clove, the ſtrength of it to break,
Or keep ſome diſtance off ſtill when you ſpeak.
Or if thy teeth in wide uneven ranks grow,
Or be they gag'd, black, or too great in ſhow,
Rot, loſt, or that the faſhion diſagreeth,
Beware of laughing, laughing ſhews the teeth.
Who would believe this wonder? yet 'tis true.
Maids may be taught to laugh, and to eſchew
Uncomely mouths and harſh tricks of the face:
In laughing is much comelineſs and grace:
Be moderate in thy fleering, there's a ſeat
To be obſerved in that; make not too great

The

The hollow pits mirth digs in every cheek.
To hide thy gums let both thy red lips meet.
Nor do thou ſtretch thy entrails by conſtraining
Thy ſelf unto loud laughter: neither feigning
A more familiar geſture with voice flat,
Sound out a womaniſh noiſe I know not what.
Look but on them that with loud yalling force
Antique and perverſe faces that ſhews worſe:
And there is ſuch a coil with wry mouths kept,
That when they laugh, a man would ſwear they wept.
Many with untun'd clamſour hoarſe and ſhrill,
Bawl as the ſlow Aſs brays out of the mill.
What cannot art? women are taught to weep, *How to weep.*
And in their look a ſober form to keep:
To ſhape their eyes according to their paſſion,
Both at what time they pleaſe, and in what faſhion
Is there not grace in liſping to be found, *How to liſp.*
To give true words a forg'd, imperfect ſound,
Robbing the tongue his office in ſome part?
Even in depraving words is ſometimes art
Many that by my words my meaning ſcan,
Art taught to ſpeak leſs perfect than they can.
Weigh theſe my words according to their worth,
And theſe being con'd take other leſſons forth.
Learn how with womaniſh pace to uſe your gate,
In every ſtep there is a kind of ſtate.
Nor is there ought that yet my art diſcovers,
Which with more violence draws or drives back
Behold your Ladies gate the reſt outſtrips, (lovers.
See with what cunning ſhe doth move her hips:
And in the pride of ſteps how the cold wind
Swells her looſe vails before her and behind.
This like the bluſhing wife of *Umber* paceth,
Her full view'd legs at every ſtride ſhe graceth,

Long measured steps do fit the state of some,
How far to appear bare. O hers a moderate pace doth best become,
As far as where the arm and shoulder parts,
Appear thou bare to wound the amorous hearts
Of wanton youths, this fashion understand
'Longs to the fair, not such whose skins be tan'd.
Such sights ere now have made me, I protest,
To kiss her neck, her shoulders and her breast.
The *Syrens* are Sea Monsters, whose sweet notes
Draw to their tunes the wandring ships and boats:
And if their ears with wax they do not stop,
They are charm'd to leap up from the hatches top.
Sing. Song is a fair endowment, a sweet thing,
A praiseful gift; then women learn to sing.
Hard favour'd girls by songs have won such graces,
Their sweet shrill tongues have prov'd bauds to their faces.
Sometimes rehearse a speech brought from the play,
Or else peruse some poem in the way,
Of musick I would have thee know the skill,
Why thy right hand to use a *Reneeks* quill,
Or with thy left a harp; when *Orpheus* plaid,
The beasts, and trees, and stones to dance he made:
And in his way to hell no fiend durst stir
Not Tartar power, nor tripple headed Cur.
Thou that so justly didst thy mother punish,
Did'st by thy Musick skill the world astonish:
In those sweet walks that were by Musick rear'd,
By every touch sweet harmony is heard.
The armed *Dolphin* is by nature mute,
Yet, *Arion*, did he listen to thy Lute,
Learn Musick then and hope to play upon
The double handed sweet *Psaltiron*.

Read

Read Poetry; the works of *Cous* seek,
Or great *Callimachus* that writ in Greek.
The laboured lines of *Bacchus* Poet ger,
Read what lascivious *Sappho* else hath writ.
For what more wanton work than *Sappho* lives?
See what delight to thee *Propertius* gives.
Or if thy further leisure serve thee, look
In *Gallus* works, or in *Tibullus* book.
Or *Varro* that of *Phrixus* and his peece
The Legend writ, and of the golden fleece.
Or read *Æneas* banishment from *Troy*,
Th' Original of *Rome*: *Rome* doth enjoy
No books more famous. Haply to my grace,
Some one may say, thou *Ovid* hast a place
Amongst the best, thou and thy lines may sound
To after times, nor be in *Lethe* drown'd:
Or those three books which he *Amorum* calls,
Entituling them of love, which of them falls
Into thy handling first, that do thou chuse,
And lovingly my loving lines peruse.
Or with a compos'd voice my *Canto's* sing,
The use of these Loves mistris first did bring,
To others yet unknown, oh *Phœbus* grant,
Grant this you Gods whom sacred Poets haunt
With their oblations, grant these powers divine,
Thou God of Grapes, and you oh Muses nine.
Who doubts but I would have you learn to dance?
Measure and Galliards shall your name advance.
Command your arms and hands that they agree
Unto the motion of the foot and knee.
In moving of the body, hand and side,
The comick Actor cannot take more pride,

Nor

Nor uſe more art, the comlineſs of either.
Concurrs, and I compare them both together.
Learn trivial ſports, but oh your Poet ſhames
× To bid you be experienc'd in ſome games.
To game. Yet 'long they to my art; then be not nice
To learn to play at cockal or at dice;
How to caſt lots and chances, which to gueſs,
To play at draughts, at tables or at cheſs,
To uſe a racket or to toſs a ball,
At ſet game, or at that we bandy call:
To paſs the night at billiards till eleven,
At pickapandy, cards, or odd or even.
× × Play prepares love, your skill is not ſo needful,
As ought to be your looks and carriage heedful,
Your greateſt cunning is with art to frame
The geſture and the countenance in your game:
Game makes us earneſt if we play with care,
Then will our open thoughts or breaſts lie bare,
And ſtraight we brawl and ſcold, a grievous ſtain,
And oft from giving blows we can't refrain.
Oh theſe be monſtrous faults, to chide and rail,
Or to blaſpheme the Gods when our lucks fail:
To vow or ſwear with proteſtations deep,
And in the heat of play to fret or weep.
Great *Jove* himſelf from you ſuch crimes expel,
Who covet ſuitors, and to pleaſe them well.
Nature theſe trivial ſports to women lends.
A freer ſcope of paſtime ſhe extends
By much unto us men, for ſo we may
Scourge tops, fling darts, and at the foot-ball play:
Vault, ride, and teach the horſe to trot the ring,
Frequent the Fence-ſchool, practiſe arms, leap, ſpring
Nor can you march or muſter on the ſea,
Or like the Merchant venturer go to ſea:

Walk may you sometimes under *Pompy's* shade,
When heat of Dog-days does the air invade.
Or to triumphant *Phœbus* temple go,
To whom our naval triumphs we do owe;
Or unto *Isis* Altars: some prefers
Before all these the three brave *Theaters.*
Or go to see the stout Sword-players fight,
Or at the Hippodrome your selves delight.
Thus covet to be seen unseen unprov'd,
What is not view'd and known cannot be lov'd.
What profit were it to have beauteous been,
If thy admired face were never seen?
Say you more skill'd in songs than *Orpheus* were,
Or *Thamyras*, such if men cannot hear.
How should your musick please? *Apelles* painted
Venus in *Cois*, else her fame had fainted,
And died in *Lesbe*; he redeem'd her name.
What hunt the sacred Poets but for fame?
Only for fame the labouring spirits they spend:
Of all their vows, fame is the scope and end.
But see what alteration rude time brings;
Poets of old were the right hand of Kings.
Large were their gifts; and sacred Majesty
Belong'd to such as studied poetry.
Ennius's statue next to *Scipio's* is, ——
Though in *Calabrian* mountains born he was,
Unhonoured now the Ivy garland lyes:
The ancient worship done to Poets dyes:
Yet we should strive our own fames to awake,
Homer a living, lasting work did make,
His *Iliads* call'd; else who had *Homer* known?
Had *Danae* in her tow'r an old wife grown,
And never unto publick view resorted,
How had her beauty been so far reported?

The Divinity of Poets.

You

3

You that applause would for your beauties win,
Be oft abroad, and keep not too much in.
At the full folds the she wolf seeks her prey,
Though amongst all she steals but one away.
Joves bird the Eagle when she soars most high,
To seise on fowl, doth at the covy fly.
Frequent you fair ones, where men may you see,
'Mongst many one perchance will fancy thee;
In every place where thou shalt hap to sit,
Lose none by frowns whom thou by smiles maist get,
The bow of *Cupid* never stands unbent:
And oftentimes things fall by accident.
Be thou prepar'd, hang always out thy hook:
For in that stream where thou no fish wouldst look,
A fish by chance may bite. Oft have I seen (bee
The wandring hound range where no game hath
And harts that scape the chase, when no man minds them,
Fall in the toyls, and there the keeper finds them.
What hope hast thou *Andromeda* being bound
Unto a rock, a lover to have found:
Being prepar'd for death, beset with fears,
Blubberd thy cheeks, thy eye quite drown'd in tears;
At burial of one husband well I wot,
Another husband hath been oft-times got.
Weeping for him that's lost, may hap to grace thee,
And in the bosom of a second place thee.
But in your choice especially beware,
Of such effeminate men as starch their hair,
Prank up themselves, who lisp and cannot leave it,
Love complement, and use to smell of Civit:
They have a thousand loves, what they protest
To thee, they'l do the same to all the rest.
Uustaid such be, and what will women say,
When in their thoughts men are more light than they?

Scarce

Scarce will they credit me, and yet 'tis true,
Troy had yet ſtood, and *Ilium* been in view,
Had every thing been ſwaid as *Priam* ſpake,
But good advice they leave, fond counſel take.
There are who under ſhow of love do ſain,
And by ſuch paſſage ſeek diſhoneſt gain:
Let no mans hair deceive with powders ſweet,
Nor ſtudded girdles which are ſhort and meet:
Nor that he does fine ſilken veſtments wear,
Nor that each finger does a Gold Ring bear.
Perhaps who in this kind moſt gallant goes,
Is a cloſe thief, and loves nought but your clothes.
Some Maids thus rob'd, ſo loud cry for their own,
That all the town and country hears their moan.
Venus whoſe golden ſhrines at *Appian* ſtand,
And *Pallas* laugh to ſee theſe ſtrifes in hand.
There are ſome maids too ſure but of bad fame,
Who oft deceiv'd are thought to uſe the ſame.
Oh learn by others plaints to hear your own,
Ope not your doors to men whoſe frauds are known.
Believe not *Theſeus*, *Athenians*, though he ſwear,
The Gods can witneſs no more than they hear,
By thee *Demophoon*, to falſe *Theſeus* heir,
Phyllis deceived was by ſpeeches fair.
If men make promiſes, then maids make you:
If men perform, perform your vow'd joys too.
Now I'le come nearer, muſe take faſter hold,
Nor loſe thy ſeat the wheels though ſwiftly roll'd.
Does thy ſweet-heart by Letters make his way?
Appoint ſome maid the meſſenger to pay:
Look on them, read them, from the words then gather
Whether he feigns or ſues intirely rather.
After ſome while write back: for ſhort delays
Inflame a lover, but not tedious ſtays.

Shew

Comply not quickly with the youth's desires,
Nor yet too long deny what he requires.
Let him both fear and hope, by every letter,
Be his fear less, his hope come sure and better.
Be your phrase pure, but common usual words,
In speech the plainest stile best grace affords:
Full oft ambiguous words do love misplace,
And a foul tongue hath hurt a beauteous face.
But since, although you yet not married be,
To go beyond us men that care take ye.
By maids or some known lad your letters send,
And to no strange young man tokens commend.
I have seen some maids so terrified with this,
That ever after they were slaves I wis.
Faithless he is who keeps such tokens back,
And burns like *Ætna*, till he ope the pack.
Trust me we may with fraud quit fraud again,
By force to shield from force the laws maintain.
One maid must use her self to many hands;
Ill speed they who gave cause for this command.
Deface the old seal when you do reply,
And to one writing but one hand apply.
Subscribe your letters thus, Thine in all love,
Impediment to beauty Anger. Be his, as he was yours; this art approve.
If from small things we may to greater go,
And in our ship our full sail spread to show,
It 'longs to beauty to have manners mild,
Sweet peace fits women fierce rage savage wild.
Rage swells the face, the veins makes black with blood,
The eyes blaze ghastly like fell *Gorgons* brood.
Away, quoth *Pallas*, I don't so feature prize,
When on the crystal stream she cast her eyes.
And should you look your anger in your glass,
You'd scarce discern your visage whose it was:

Nor

Nor do we leſs blame proud and lofty looks,
Gentle and humble eyes are *Cupid*'s hooks.
We men do hate this over-weening pride
Sown in the ſilent face, truſt him hath tri'd.
View him views you; if men, then women ſmile;
Signs made to you, make ſigns, 'twill men beguile.
Thus whiles he plays before with headleſs dart.
Cupid hath after wounded to the heart.
We hate the ſad; *Ajax Tecmeſſa* take:
We merry *Greeks* blith wenches ſweet-hearts make.
Andromache and *Tecmeſſa*, all your ſtate
Could not move me to chuſe you for my mate.
Take gifts of rich men who do law profeſs;
Without fee be his Client he'll need leſs.
We that make verſe, let us ſend only verſe,
Our hearts are pliant, whom love ſoon doth pierce.
We ſpread abroad ſweet beauties laſting praiſe;
We *Nemeſis*, we *Cynthias* honour raiſe.
The Eaſt and the Weſt land knew lov'd *Lycoris*,
And many ask who our *Corinna* is,
Beſides we Poets from all frauds are free,
And forward manners by our Poetry,
Nor honour us, nor love of money pleaſe,
We ſlight our games for privacy and eaſe.
Soon are we caught, our loves burn fierce and bold,
And where we love, we know too well to hold.
So 'tis, we ſoften nature by meek art,
And as our ſtudies, ſo our loves take part:
A favour Maidens to bleſt Poets will,
Heavens power we have, the Muſes own us ſtill.
A God is in us, we commerce with *Jove*.
The ſpirit in us 'bove your bright ſtars both move.
To look for money from us, what a crime!
And yet no Maids do fear it in our time.

At first be not too eager, but beware,
A novice lover slights an open snare.
Nor do we rule a horse new broke to back
With the same reins, as he that's skill'd to rack.
To catch one staid in years, and a brisk swain,
Must not one way, may not one course be tain.
He's rude, and in loves tents ne're seen before,
Who as a new prey touch'd thy chamber door.
Who knows no maid but thee; none else would know;
This corn would be high fenc'd that it may grow.
If one, he is thy own; no Rivals frown;
Two things admit no mate, Love and a Crown.
That ancient Souldier's wife, and softly loves,
And what a younger scorns he meekly proves.
He'll break no posts, nor burn with furious fire,
Nor scratch his Mistriss soft cheeks in his ire;
He'l tear no cloaths, his sweet-hearts nor his own,
Nor shall his torn hair give him cause of moan.
These things fit youths, whose age in love is hot.
This bears harsh wounds gently as they were not.
Old men burn softly like a torch that's wet,
Like green wood from the Forrests lately fet.
Old mens love's sure, youth's short, but fruitful made
Maids pluck those fruits betimes, betimes which fade.
Nay yield up all, ope the gates to your foe;
That faith from faithless treasure once may flow.
What's easie granted, long love cannot feed;
Repulse sometimes will make it to proceed.
Let them walk at the gate, cry cruel dore,
Do humbly much, but in their threats much more.
We loath these sweets, till bitter makes them new,
The wind oft drown'd the ship by which it flew.
'Tis this makes men their wives to slight so still,
They're ready prest when are their husbands will.

La

Let the Maid run and cry, We are undone,
And hide the frighted youth till fear be gone.
Yet ſport him midſt theſe fears, leſt he miſpriſe
Your nights not ſo much worth ſuch fears ſhould riſe.
I had like to have paſt, by what are to deceive
Your husband, and ſly keeper to bereave.
Wives fear your husbands, nor their goodneſs tire;
This law, and right and modeſty require.
But if he o're you keep too ſtrict an eye;
To cheat him, to theſe rules your ſelves apply.
As many keep thee as had *Argus* eyes,
If thou'rt reſolv'd thou ſhalt defeat with lyes.
Suppoſe your keeper hinder you to write,
You may conveigh a Letter out of ſight
In Panders ſhoes; or if you paper lack,
Inſtead of paper you may uſe her back.
Or when you will, you may complain your head,
And fainting ſick, hide whom you will in bed:
When the falſe key tells plainly what is done,
And to your chamber are more ways than one.
Beſides a keeper may be foxt with wine,
Preſt from the grapes of *Spain*, and ſo made thine:
And there by drugs which can cauſe a ſound ſleep,
And ſhut the eyes faſt drencht in *Lethe* deep,
You know Maids too may quickly find ſome way
By long made ſports to hold him in delay.
But what need I for to go far about,
When one ſmall gift may buy the keeper out?
Gifts, truſt me, do appeaſe both Gods and men,
By gifts even *Jove*, is pleaſed now and then.
What do the wiſe, ſince in gifts fools delight:
Give and the husband ſays nought, ſay he might
Haſt bought thy keeper once? he's thine for ever:
The help he once affords, he'll fail thee never.

To deceive the moſt watchful keeper.

I blam'd companions, now it comes to mind,
The hurt by it not men alone do find.
Believe me, other Maids thy joys may taſt,
And others with thee hunt the Hare as faſt.
The wench that ſweeps the chamber, makes the bed,
With ſports of love hath more than once bin ſped.
Let not your waiting Maids be over fair,
Their Miſtreſs place by them ſupplied are.
Where run I madman? naked 'gainſt my foe,
And ope thoſe ports that may me overthrow?
The birds teach not the Fowler how to take them,
The Harts teach not the dogs to run and ſhake them.
Look to't that need; my task I'le do indeed,
Though 'tis to lend a ſword to make me bleed.
Tis eaſie to make us think we are beloved,
Their faith which to deſire is quickly moved.
Smile lovely on a youth, ſigh from your heart.
Ask why he comes ſo late? a pretty art.
Shed ſome few tears, feign grief for ſome cloſe love,
And tear your hair as doth your paſſions move;
He's ſtraight o'recome, and pity he will take,
And ſay his care is only for my ſake.
If he be ſpruce, and look fair in the glaſs.
The hiſtory of Procris. He'll think the Gods love him; let not this paſs.
Who ere thou art be not thy wrath ſo ſtrong,
Nor rage not overmuch, hath he done wrong?
The deſcription of Hymettus. Truſt not too ſoon; how thou will that repent,
Procris example is a monument.
Near to *Hymettus* hill a holy well,
And a moiſt ground, thick graſs the ancients tell,
The wood's but underwood; about this land,
The Crab-tree, Roſemary, Bay, Mirtle ſtand,
The thick leav'd Box, the Tamariſk ſo ſmall,
Low ſhrubs, neat Pines, there do theſe trees grow all.

The gentle Weſt wind and the healthful Air,
Blow all thoſe leaves and graſsblades which are there.
Cephalus lov'd reſt, his hounds and men forgone,
Weary in youth, this ground oft ſat upon;
And thus he ſings: Thou which doſt lay my heat,
And my breaſt wage, come gentle air and beat,
One over duteous told his fearful wife;
Theſe words ſhe heard, and ſo began the ſtrife:
Procris who for a ſtrumpet took this Air,
Fell down much moved with a ſudden fear.
Look how the vine leaf which you lateſt gather,
She looks ſo pale, or far more paler rather:
Or the ripe Quince-tree which doth bend his bough,
Or dog-tree fruit, which none for meat allow.
Come to her ſelf, her garments quite ſhe tore
From off her breaſt, and made her breaſt all gore.
And without ſtay in rage and haſte ſhe goes,
Her hair about her neck like *Bacchus* throws:
Being near the place, her mates ſhe leaves behind,
Steals ſlily to the wood, no fear in mind.
Tis thus, thou think'ſt now, who this Air ſhould be,
And her diſhoneſt tricks thine eye ſhall ſee,
Her coming ſhames her now, ſhe would not take her,
Yet now ſhe's glad ſhe's come, love doubtful makes
The name, the place, the ſign all theſe agree, (her.
And what the mind fears, that it thinks to be.
Seeing the graſs ſo by ſome body preſt,
Her trembling heart knockt at her tender breaſt:
Now the Mid-day had made the ſhadows ſhort,
The evening and the morn bare equal part;
Young *Cephalus* returns unto the wood,
And cools his face with water as he ſtood.
Procris ſtands cloſe, on the graſs he lays him fair,
And cries aloud, Blow Weſt wind, come ſweet air.

So

So soon as she had heard th'erroneous name
Her mind and her true colour to her came;
She rises, with her body the leaves shake,
In mind to *Cephalus* her way to make:
He thought it some wild beast, snatcht up his bow,
His arrow in his right hand wont to show,
What dost thou wretch, tis no beast, stay thy dart.
Alas, thy arrows pierce a womans heart.
She cries out, thou hast stroke my loving breast,
U pon this place thy wounds shall even rest.
I die, before my time, not wrong'd in love.
This earth made me suspect thee light to prove,
Air take my breath, thee 'twas I did mistrust,
I die, close thou mine eyes, lay me in dust.
She ended speech and life, and falling down,
Her husband takes her last breath from the ground.
He bears his dying love in wofull arms,
And wails with tears so strange and deadly harms,
But let us back I see I must be plain,
That our lost ship may to its haven gain.
You look now to be brought unto a feast:
And that we teach you herein as the rest.
Come late, but comely come, brought in by night,
Thou shalt be welcome, so delay hath might.
Though thou be black thou shalt seem fair to all,
The night will hide thy faults both great and small.
Eat neatly with your fingers, are commands,
Wipe not thy whole face with thy dirty hands.
Eat not too long, leave ere you would forbear,
More than thou well canst do, this counsel hear.
Were *Hellen* greedy, *Paris* would her hate:
And say, my rape is foolish out of date.
To drink is comely, and more fit for you:
Bacchus doth well with *Venus*, this is true.

How maids must behave themselves at meat.

Drink

Drink, but yet no more than you well can bear,
And what is one, let it not two appear
A shameful thing to see a woman drunk,
Such a one is fit to be each knaves punk.
Nor is it safe to sleep the tables drawn,
Much shameful things have in your sleeps been fawn.
'Tis shame to teach you more, yet *Dion* says,
Shame is the chiefest object of these lays.
Each know you selves; as you your bodies see, *Gestures in lying,*
So frame your lying in form that it may be.
Whose face is beauteous, she must lye upright,
Whose back is best that still must be in sight:
Atlantes thighs upon his shoulders bore
Meleager; be these best, shew them the more.
Low Maids must ride; *Thebais* was some what long,
Ne're sat on *Hectors* horse her pride among.
Who hath a long side, which should have in eye,
Let her knees bend, and be her neck awry.
Whose hidden parts have not a fault or spot,
Lye ever sidelong, pray forget it not.
Nor think it a disgrace your hair to loose,
And then thy neck cast backward still to choose.
Thou that art rugged, close and hidden lye,
And from mens sight like the swift *Parthian* fly.
Love hath a thousand ways; most void of Pride,
To lye half upright on the righter side,
Apollo's Tripos, nor horned *Ammon* say ——————
Ought that's more true than what is in our lay.
If there be truth in art, got by long use,
Believe and trust, you'll find it in our muse.
Maids see you love us men from the deep root,
One thing may help you and stead us to boot: (sweet
Cease not fair words, cease not your whispering
And wanton words must with your sports oft meet.

And

And thou whom nature hath bar'd loves quick ſenſe,
Feign pleaſant joys, though the things be from thence.
Unhappy Maid, to whom that place is dull,
Which with a man and woman ſhould be full,
Yet when you feign, beware let none elſe know it,
For fear thy geſture or thy eyes may ſhow it.
Thy breath, and voice ſuch pleaſures plainly fill;
That part hath ſecrets, ſhame would hide it ſtill.
Who ſeeks a man after enjoyment ſtraight
Gifts to beſtow, would not her prayers had weight:
Ope not your windows wide to take in light,
Much in your bodies rather ſits the night.
Our ſport is done, 'tis time the ſwans depart,
Which on their necks, as yoaks have drawn our art.
As *Men* before, ſay *Maids* when ye prevail,
Ovid our Maſter was, his art our ſail.

Concluſion of the work.

FINIS.

THE

REMEDY

OF

LOVE.

WHen *Cupid* read this title, ſtraight he ſaid,
Wars, I perceive, againſt me will be made
But ſpare (oh Love) to tax thy Poet ſo,
Who oft hath born thy Enſign 'gainſt thy foe,
I am not he by whom thy Mother bled.
When ſhe to Heaven on *Mars* his horſes fled.
I oft, like other Youths, thy flame did prove,
And if thou ask, what I do ſtill? I Love.
Nay I have taught by art to keep loves courſe,
And made that reaſon which before was force.
I ſeek not to betray thee, pretty boy
Nor what I have once written to deſtroy.
If any love and find his Miſtriſs kind,
Let him go on and ſail with his own wind;
But he that by his love is diſcontented,
To ſave his life my Verſes were invented.

Why ſhould a Lover kill himſelf? or why
Should any, with his own grief wounded, die?
Thou art a Boy, to play becomes thee ſtill,
Thy reign is ſoft, play then, and do not kill.
Or if thoul't needs be vexing, then do this,
Make Lovers meet by ſtealth, and ſteal a kiſs:
Make them to fear, leſt any overwatch them,
And tremble when they think ſome come to catch
And with thoſe tears that lovers ſhed all night (them;
Be thou content, but do not kill out-right.
Love heard, and up his ſilver wings did heave,
And ſaid, write on, I freely give thee leave.
Come then all ye deſpis'd that love endure,
I that have felt the wounds, your love will cure;
But come at firſt, for if you make delay,
Your ſickneſs will grow mortal by your ſtay.
The tree, which by delay is grown ſo big,
In the beginning was a tender twig.
That which at firſt was but a ſpan in length,
Will, by delay, be rooted paſt mens ſtrength.
Reſiſt beginnings, med'cines bring no curing,
Where ſickneſs is grown ſtrong by long enduring.
When firſt thou ſeeſt a laſs that likes thine eye,
Bend all thy preſent powers to deſcry
Whether her eye or carriage firſt will ſhow,
If ſhe be fit for loves delights, or no.
Some will be eaſie, ſuch an one elect;
But ſhe that bears too grave and ſtern aſpect,
Take heed of her, and make her not thy Jewel.
Either ſhe cannot love, or will be cruel.
If love aſſail thee there, betime take heed,
Thoſe wounds are dangerous that inward bleed.
He that to day cannot ſhake off loves ſorrow,
Will certainly be more unapt to morrow.

Lov

Love hath ſo eloquent and quick a tongue
That he willl lead thee all thy life along;
And on a ſudden claſp thee in a yoke,
Where thou muſt either draw, or ſtriving choak.
Strive then betimes, for at the firſt one hand
May ſtop a water drill that wears the ſand,
But, if delayed, it breaks into a flood;
Mountains will hardly make the paſſage good.
But I am out: for now I do begin
To keep them off, not heal thoſe that are in.
Firſt therefore (Lovers) I intend to ſhew
How love came to you, then how he may go.
You that would not know what loves paſſions be,
Never be idle, learn that rule of me.
Eaſe makes you love, as that o'recomes your wills;
Eaſe is the food and cauſe of all your ills.
Turn eaſe and idleneſs but out of door,
Loves darts are broke, his flame can burn no more.
As reeds and Willows love the water ſide,
So Love loves with the idle to abide.
If then at liberty you fain would be,
Love yields to labour, Labour and be free.
Long ſleeps, ſoft beds, rich vintage, and high feeding,
Nothing to do, and pleaſures too exceeding
Dull all our ſenſes, make our virtue ſtupid,
And then creeps in that crafty villain *Cupid*.
That boy loves eaſe a life, hates ſuch a ſtir,
Therefore thy mind to better things prefer.
Behold thy Countries enemies in Arms,
At home Love gripes thy heart in his ſly charms;
Then riſe and put on armour, caſt off ſloth,
Thy labour may at once o'recome them both.
If this ſeem hard, and too unpleaſant, then
Behold the law ſet forth by God and men;

Sit down and ſtudy that: that thou maieſt know
The way to guide thy ſelf, and others ſhow.
Or if thou lov'ſt not to be ſhut up ſo,
Learn to aſſail the Deer with truſty bow. (may ring
That through the | woods thy well mouth'd hounds
Whoſe Eccho better joys, than love will ſing.
There maieſt thou chance to bring thy love to end;
Diana unto *Venus* is no friend.
The Countrey will afford thee means enough;
Sometimes diſdain not to direct the plough:
To follow through the fields the bleating Lamb,
That mourns to miſs the comfort of his Dam.
Aſſiſt the harveſt, help to prune the Trees;
Graft, plant, and ſow no kind of labour leeſe.
Sets nets for birds, with hook'd lines bait for fiſh,
Which will imploy thy mind and fill thy diſh;
That being weary with theſe pains at night
Sound ſleeps may put the thoughts of love to flight.
With ſuch delights, or labours as are theſe,
Forget to love, and learn thy ſelf to pleaſe.
But chiefly learn this leſſon for my ſake,
Fly from her far, ſome journey undertake.
I know thou'lt grieve, and that her name once told
Will be enough thy journey to with-hold:
But when thou find'ſt thy ſelf moſt bent to ſtay,
Compel thy feet to run with thee away.
Nor do thou wiſh that rain and ſtormy weather
May ſtay your ſteps, and bring you back together,
Count not the miles you paſs, nor doubt the way,
Leſt thoſe reſpects ſhould turn you back to ſtay:
Tell not the clock, | nor look thou once behind,
But fly like Lightning or the Northern wind;
For where we are too much o're matcht in might,
There is no way for ſafeguard, but by flight.

But ſome will count my lines too hard and bitter,
I muſt confeſs them hard; but yet 'tis better
To faſt a while that health may be provoked,
Than feed on plenteous tables and be choaked,
To cure thy wretched body, I am ſure,
Both fire and Steel thou gladly wilt endure:
Wilt thou not then take pains by any Art
To cure thy Mind, which is thy better part?
The hardneſs is at firſt, and that once paſt,
Pleaſant and eaſie ways will come at laſt.
I do not bid thee ſtrive with Witches Charms,
Or ſuch unholy acts, to ceaſe thy harms:
Circes her ſelf, who all theſe things did know,
Had never power to cure her own love ſo:
No, take this Medicine (which of all is ſure,)
Labour and abſence is the only cure.
But if the fates compel thee, in ſuch faſhion,
That thou muſt needs live near her habitation,
And canſt not fly her ſight, learn here of me,
If thou would'ſt fain, but canſt not yet be free?
Set all thy Miſtriſs faults before thine eyes,
And all thy own diſgraces well adviſe;
Say to thy ſelf, that ſhe is covetous,
Hath ta'ne my gifts, and us'd me thus and thus;
Thus hath ſhe ſworn to me, and thus deceived;
Thus have I hop'd, and thus have been bereaved.
With love ſhe feeds my Rival, while I ſtarve,
And pours on him kiſſes, which I deſerve,
She follows him with ſmiles, and gives to me
Sad looks, no lovers, but a ſtrangers fee.
All thoſe Imbraces I ſo oft deſired,
To him ſhe offers daily unrequired:
Whoſe whole deſert, and half mine weigh'd together,
Would make mine Lead, and his ſeem cork & feather.

Then let her go, and ſince ſhe proves ſo hard,
Regard thy ſelf, and give her no regard.
Thus muſt thou ſchool thy ſelf, and I could wiſh
Thee to thy ſelf moſt eloquent in this,
But put on grief enough, and do not fear,
Grief will enforce thy eloquence t'appear.
Thus I my ſelf the love did once expel
Of one whoſe coyneſs vex'd my ſoul like hell.
I muſt confeſs ſhe touch'd me to the quick,
And I, that am Phyſician, then was ſick.
But this I found to profit, I did ſtill
Ruminate what I thought in her was ill;
And, for to cure my ſelf. I found a way,
Some honeſt ſlanders on her for to lay:
Quoth I, how lamely doth my miſtriſs go!
(Although, I muſt confeſs, it was not ſo;)
I ſaid, her arms were crooked, fingers bent,
Her ſhoulders bow'd, her legs conſum'd and ſpent:
Her colour ſad, her neck as dark as night,
(When *Venus* might in all have ta'ne delight;)
But yet becauſe I would no more come nigh her,
My ſelf, unto my ſelf did thus belie her.
Do thou the like, and though ſhe fair appear,
Think vice to virtue often comes too near;
And in that error (though it be an error)
Preſerve thy ſelf from any further terror.
If ſhe be round and plump, ſay, ſhe's too fat.
If brown, ſay black, and think who cares for that.
If ſhe be ſlender, ſwear ſhe is too lean,
That ſuch a wench will wear a man out clean;
If ſhe be red, ſay ſhe's too full of blood;
If pale, her body nor her mind is good;
If wanton, ſay, ſhe ſeeks thee to devour;
If grave, neglect her, ſay, ſhe looks too ſowr.

Nay if ſhe have a fault, and thou doſt know it,
Praiſe it, that in thy preſence ſhe may ſhow it:
As if her Voice be bad, crack'd in the ring,
Never give over till thou make her ſing.
If ſhe have any blemiſh in her foot,
Commend her dancing ſtill and put her to't.
If ſhe be rude in ſpeech, incite her talk;
If halting lame, provoke her much to walk.
Or if on Inſtruments ſhe have ſmall skill,
Reach down a Vial, urge her to that ſtill.
Take any way to eaſe thy own diſtreſs,
And think thoſe faults be, which are nothing leſs.
Then meditate beſides, what thing it is
That makes thee ſtill in love to go a niſs.
Adviſe thee well, for as the world now goes,
Men are not caught with ſubſtance but with ſhews;
A woman now is ſo diſguis'd with pelf,
That ſhe her ſelf is leaſt part of her ſelf.
I know a woman hath in love been troubled
For that which Taylors make, a fine neat doublet.
And men are even as mad in their deſiring,
That oftentimes love Women for their tyring;
He that doth ſo, let him take this advice,
Let him riſe early, and not being nice,
Up to his Miſtriſs Chamber let him hie,
E're ſhe ariſe, and there he ſhall eſpie
Such a confuſion of diſordered things.
In Bodies, Jewels, Tyres, Wyres, Lawns and Rings,
That ſure it cannot chuſe but much abhor him,
To ſee her lye in pieces thus before him;
And find thoſe things ſhut in a painted box
For which he loves her, and endures her mocks.
Once I my ſelf had a great mind to ſee
What kind of things women undreſſed be,

And found my ſweet heart, juſt when I came at her,
Screwing, her teeth, and dipping rags in water;
She miſs'd her periwig, and durſt not ſtay,
But put it on in haſte the backward way;
That had I not on th' ſudden chang'd my mind,
I had miſtook, and kiſs'd my love behind.
So, if thou wiſh her faults ſhould rid thy cares,
Watch out thy time, and take her unawares:
Or rather put the better way in proof,
Come thou not near, but keep thy ſelf aloof.
If all this ſerve not, uſe one medicine more,
Seek out another Love, and her adore;
But chuſe out one, in whom thou well may'ſt ſee,
A heart inclin'd to love and cheriſh thee.
For as a River parted flower goes,
So, Love thus parted ſtill more evenly flows.
One Anchor will not ſerve a Veſſel tall,
Nor is one hook enough to fiſh withal.
He that can ſolace him, and ſport with two,
May in the end triumph as others do.
Thou that to one haſt ſhew'd thy ſelf too kind,
Maieſt in a ſecond much more comfort find:
If one love entertain thee with deſpight,
The other will embrace thee with delight:
When by the former thou art made accurſt,
The ſecond will contend t' excel the firſt,
And ſtrive, with love to drive her fom thy breſt:
(ſs That firſt to ſecond yields, women know beſt.)
Or if to yield to either thou art loth,
This may perhaps acquit thee of them both:
For what one love makes odd, two ſhall make even,
Thus blows with blows, and fire with fire's out driven.
Perchance this courſe will turn thy firſt loves heart,
And when thine is at eaſe cauſe hers to ſmart.

I

If thy Loves Rival ſtick ſo near thy ſide,
Think, women can copartners worſe abide,
For though thy Miſtriſs never mean to love thee:
Yet from the others love ſhe'll ſtrive to move thee:
But let her ſtrive, ſhe oft hath vex'd thy heart,
Suffer her now to bear her ſelf apart.
And though thy bowels burn like *Ætna's* fire,
Seem colder far than Ice, or her deſire;
Feign thy ſelf free, and ſigh not over-much,
But laugh when ſadly grief thy heart doth touch.
I do not bid thee break through fire and flame;
Such violence in love is much to blame:
But I adviſe, that thou diſſemble deep,
And all thy paſſions in thine own breaſt keep.
Feign thy ſelf well, and thou at laſt ſhalt ſee,
Thy ſelf as well as thou didſt feign to be.
So have I often, when I would not drink;
Sat down as one aſleep, and feign'd to wink;
Till as I nodding ſat, and took no heed,
I have at laſt faln faſt aſleep indeed.
So have I oft been angry, feigning ſpight,
And counterfeiting ſmiles have laught outright,
So love, by uſe doth come, by uſe doth go,
And he that feigns well ſhall at length be ſo.
If e're thy Miſtriſs promis'd to receive thee
Into her boſom, and did then deceive thee,
Locking thy rival in, thee out of door;
Be not dejected, ſeem not to deplore,
Nor when thou ſeeſt her next, take notice of it,
But paſs it over, it ſhall turn to profit:
For if ſhe ſees ſuch tricks as theſe perplex thee,
She will be proud, and take delight to vex thee:
But if ſhe prove thee conſtant in this kind,
She will begin at length ſome ſleights to find,

How ſhe may draw thee back, and keep thee ſtill
A ſervile captive to her fickle will.
But now take heed, here comes the proof of men,
be thou as conſtant as thou ſeemeſt then:
Receive no meſſages, regard no lines,
They are but ſnares to catch thee in her twines.
Receive no gifts, think all that praiſe her flatter;
What ere ſhe writes believe not half the matter.
Converſe not with her ſervant nor her maid,
Sarce bid good morrow, leſt thou be betray'd.
When thou goeſt by her door, never look back;
And though ſhe call, do not thy journey ſlack,
If ſhe would ſend her friends to talk with thee,
Suffer them not too long to walk with thee.
Do not believe one word they ſay is ſooth,
Nor do not ask ſo much as how ſhe doth;
Yea though thy very heart ſhould burn to know,
Bridle thy tongue, and make thereof no ſhow,
Thy careleſs ſilence ſhall perplex her more
Than can a thouſand ſighs ſigh'd o're and ore?
By ſaying thou lov'ſt not, thy loving prove not,
For he's far gone in love that ſays, I love not:
Then hold thy peace and ſhortly love will die,
That wound heals beſt that cures not by and by.
But ſome will ſay, alas, this rule is hard,
Muſt we not love where we do find reward;
How ſhould a tender woman bear this ſcorn;
That cannot without art, by men be born;
Miſtake me not; I do not wiſh you ſhow
Such a contempt to them whoſe Love you know:
But where a ſcornful laſs makes you endure
Her ſlight regarding, there I lay my cure.
Nor think in leaving Love you wrong your laſs,
Whoone to her content already ha;

While

While ſhe doth joy in him, joy thou in any,
Thou haſt, as well as ſhe, the choice of many.
Then, for thy own content, defer not long.
But cure thy ſelf, and ſhe ſhall have no wrong.
Among all cures I chiefly did commend
Abſence in this to be the only friend,
And ſo it is, but I would have ye learn
The perfect uſe of Abſence to diſcern.
Firſt then, when thou art abſent to her ſight,
In ſolitarineſs do not delight:
Be ſeldom left alone, for then I know
A thouſand vexing thoughts will come and go.
Fly lonely walks, and uncouth places ſad,
They are the nurſe of thoughts that make men mad,
Walk not too much where thy fond eye may ſee
The place where ſhe did give loves rights to thee:
For even the place will tell thee of thoſe joys,
And turn thy kiſſes into ſad annoys.
Frequent not Woods and Groves, nor ſit and muſe?
With arms acroſs, as fooliſh lovers uſe:
For as thou ſit'ſt alone thou ſoon ſhalt find
Thy Miſtriſs face preſented to thy mind,
As plainly to thy troubled phantaſie,
As if ſhe were in preſence, and ſtood by.
This to eſchew open thy doors all day,
Shun no mans ſpeech that comes into thy way.
Admit all companies, and when there's none,
Then walk thou forth, thy ſelf, and ſeek out one;
When he is found, ſeek more, laugh, drink and ſing,
Rather than be alone do any thing.
Or if thou be conſtrain'd to be alone,
Have not her picture for to gaze upon:
For that's the way when thou art eas'd of pain,
To wound a new, and make thee ſick again.

Or

Or if thou haſt it, think the Painters skill
Flatter'd her face, and that ſhe looks more ill,
And think, as thou alone doſt muſing ſit,
That ſhe herſelf is counterfeit like it.
Or rather fly all things that are inclin'd
To bring one thought of her into thy mind.
View not her tokens nor think on her words,
But take ſome book, whoſe learned womb affords
Phyſick for Souls, there ſearch for ſome relief
To guile the time and rid a way thy grief.
But if thy thoughts on her muſt needs be bent,
Think what a deal of precious time was ſpent
In queſt of her; and that thy beſt of youth
Languiſh'd and died while ſhe was void of truth.
Think but how ill ſhe did deſerve affection,
And yet how long ſhe held thee in ſubjection.
Think how ſhe chang'd, how ill it did become her,
And thinking ſo, leave Love, and fly far from her.
He that from all infection would be free,
Muſt fly the place where the infected be,
And he that would from loves affection fly,
Muſt leave his Miſtriſs walks, and not come nigh.
" Sore eyes are got by looking on ſore eyes.
" And wounds do ſoon from new heal'd ſcars ariſe.
As embers toucht with ſulphur do renew,
So will her ſight kindle freſh flames in you.
If then thou meet'ſt her, ſuffer her go by thee;
And be afraid to let her come too nigh thee.
For her aſpect will raiſe deſire in thee,
And hungry men ſcarce hold from meat they ſee.
If e're ſhe ſent thee letters, that lye by,
Peruſe them not, they'l captivate thy eye:
But lap them up and caſt them in the fire,
And wiſh' as they waſte: ſo may thy deſire.

If e're thou sent'st her token, gift or letter,
Go not to fetch them back, for it is better
That she detain a little paltry pelf,
Than thou shouldst seek for them and lose thy self.
For why; her sight will so enchant thine heart,
That thou wilt lose thy labour, I my art.
But if by chance there fortune such a case
Thou needs must come where she shall be in place,
Then call to mind all parts of this discourse,
For sure thou shalt have need of all thy force:
Against thou go'st, curl not thy head and hair,
Nor care whether thy band be foul or fair;
Nor be not in so neat and spruce array,
As if thou meant'st to make it holy-day;
Neglect thy self for once, that she may see
Her love hath now no power to work on thee,
And if thy rival be in presence too,
Seem not to mark, but do as others do;
Drink to him, carve him, give him gentle words,
Return all courtesies that he affords:
Salute him friendly, give him complement,
This shall thy Mistris more than thee torment:
For she will think by this thy careless show
Thou car'st not now whether she love or no.
But if thou canst perswade thy self indeed
She hath no Lover, but of thee hath need;
That no man loves her but thy self alone,
And that she shall be lost when thou art gone;
Thus sooth thy self, and thou shalt seem to be
In far more happy taking than is she.
For if thou think'st she's lov'd, and loves again,
Hell fire will seem more easie than thy pain:
But chiefly when in presence thou shalt spie
The man she most affecteth standing by,

And ſee him graſp her by the tender hand,
And whiſpering cloſe or almoſt kiſſing ſtand;
When thou ſhalt doubt whether they laugh at thee,
Or whether on ſome meeting they agree;
If now thou canſt hold out, thou art a man,
And canſt perform more than thy teacher can:
If then thy heart can be at eaſe and free,
I will give o're to teach, and learn of thee.
But this way I would take among them all,
I would pick out ſome laſs to talk withal,
Whoſe quick inventions, and whoſe nimble wit
Should buſie mine, and keep me from my fit;
My eye with all my art ſhould be a woing,
No matter what I ſaid, ſo I were doing;
For all that while my love ſhould think at leaſt
That I, as well as ſhe, on love did feaſt.
And though my heart were thinking on her face,
Or her unkindneſs, and my own diſgrace,
Of all my preſent pains by her neglect,
Yet would I laugh, and ſeem without reſpect.
Perchance, in envy thou ſhould ſport with any,
Her beck will ſingle thee from forth of many:
But, if thou canſt, of all that preſent are
Her conference alone thou ſhouldſt forbear;
For if her looks ſo much thy mind do trouble,
Her honied ſpeeches will diſtract thee double.
If ſhe begin once to confer with thee,
Then do as I would do, be rul'd by me:
When ſhe begins to talk, imagine ſtraight,
That now to catch thee up ſhe lies in wait;
Then call to mind ſome buſineſs or affair,
Whoſe doubtful iſſue takes up all thy care;
That while ſuch talk thy troubled fancie ſtirs,
Thy mind may work and give no heed to hers.

Alas,

Alas, I know mens hearts, and that full ſoon
By womens gentle words we are undone.
If women ſigh or weep, our ſouls are griev'd,
Or if they ſwear they love, they are believ'd:
But truſt not thou to oaths if ſhe ſhould ſwear,
Nor hearty ſighs, believe they dwell not there.
If ſhe ſhould grieve in earneſt or in jeſt,
Or force her arguments with ſad proteſt,
As if true ſorrow in her eye-lid ſat;
Nay if ſhe comes to weeping, truſt not that.
For know that women can both weep and ſmile
With much more danger than the Crocodile,
Think all ſhe doth is but to breed thy pain,
And get the power to tyrannize again.
And ſhe will beat thy heart with trouble more
Than rocks are beat with waves upon the ſhore.
Do not complain to her then of thy wrong,
But lock thy thoughts within thy ſilent tongue.
Tell her not why thou leav'ſt her, nor declare
(Although ſhe ask thee) what thy torments are.
Wring not her fingers, gaze not on her eye,
From hence a thouſand ſnares and arrows fly.
No, let her not perceive by ſighs or ſigns
how at her deeds thy inward ſoul repines.
Seem careleſs of her ſpeech, and do not hark,
Anſwer by chance as though thou didſt not mark.
And if ſhe bid thee home, ſtraight promiſe not,
Or break thy word as though thou hadſt forgot.
Seem not to care whether thou come or no,
And if ſhe be not earneſt, do not go.
Feign thou haſt buſineſs and defer the meeting,
As one that greatly car'd not for her greeting.
And as ſhe talks, caſt thou thine eyes elſewhere,
And look among the Laſſes that are there.

Compare

Compare their ſeveral beauties to her face,
Some one or other will her form diſgrace;
On both their faces carry ſtill thy view,
Ballance them equally in judgment true:
And when thou find'ſt the other doth excel
(Yet though thou canſt not love it half ſo well)
Bluſh that thy paſſions make thee dote on her
More than on thoſe thy judgment doth prefer.
When thou haſt let her ſpeak all that ſhe would,
Seem as thou haſt not one word underſtood:
And when to part with thee thou ſeeſt her bent,
Give her ſome ordinary complement,
Such as may ſeem of courteſie, not love,
And ſo to other company remove.
This careleſneſs in which thou ſem'ſt to be,
(How e're in her) will work this change in thee,
That thou ſhalt think for uſing her ſo ſlight,
She cannot chuſe but turn her love to ſpight:
And if thou art perſwaded once ſhe hates,
Thou wilt beware and not come near her baits.
But though I wiſh thee conſtantly believe
She hates thy ſight, thy paſſions to deceive;
Yet be not thou ſo baſe to hate her too,
That which ſeems ill in her, do not thou do;
'Twill indiſcretion ſeem, and want of wit,
Where thou didſt love, to hate inſtead of it?
And thou maieſt ſhame ever to be ſo mated
And joyn'd in love with one that ſhould be hated.
Such kind of love is fit for Clowns and Hinds,
And not for debonaire and gentle minds;
For there can be in man no madneſs more
Than hate thoſe lips he wiſh'd to kiſs before;
Or loath to ſee thoſe eyes, or hear that voice
Whoſe very ſound hath made his heart rejoyce;

Such

Such acts as theſe, much indiſcretion ſhows,
When men from kiſſing turn to wiſh for blows;
And this their own example ſhews ſo naught,
That when they would direct they muſt be taught.
But thou wilt ſay, for all the love I bear her,
And all the ſervice, I am ne'r the nearer;
And which the moſt of all doth vex like hell,
She loves a man ne'r lov'd her half ſo well:
Him ſhe adores, but I muſt not come at her.
Have I not then good reaſon for to hate her?
I anſwer, no, for make the caſe thine own,
And in thy glaſs her actions ſhall be ſhown;
When thou thy ſelf in love wert ſo far gone.
Say, could'ſt thou love any but her alone?
I know thou couldſt not, though with tears an cried
Theſe had made deaf thine ears, and dim thine eyes.
Wouldſt thou for this that they hate thee again?
If ſo thou wouldſt, then hate thy love again:
Your faults are both alike; thou loveſt her,
And ſhe in love thy rival doth prefer,
If then her Love to him thy hate procure,
Thou ſhouldſt for loving her like hate endure:
Then do not hate, for all the lines I write
Are not addreſs'd to turn thy love to ſpight,
But writ to draw thy doting mind from love,
That in the golden mean thy thoughts may move;
In which when once thou find'ſt thy ſelf at quiet,
Learn to preſerve thy ſelf with this goods diet.

BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA

The

The Conclusion.

SLeep not too much, nor longer than a ſtep
Within thy bed thy lazy body keep;
For when thou warm awake ſhalt feel it ſoft,
Fond cogitations will aſſail thee oft:
Then ſtart up early, ſtudy, work, or write,
Let labour (others toyl) be thy delight.
Eat not too much, or if thou much do eat,
Let it not be dainty or ſtirring meat:
Abſtain from wine, although thou think it good;
It ſets thy meat on fire, and ſtirs thy blood;
Uſe thy ſelf much to bath thy wanton Limbs,
in cooleſt ſtreams, which o're the gravel ſwims:
Be ſtill in graveſt company, and fly
The wanton rabble of the younger fry,
Whoſe luſtful tricks will lead thee to delight,
To think on love, where thou ſhalt periſh quite;
Come not at all where many women are,
But like a Bird that lately ſcap'd the ſnare,
Avoid their gariſh beauty; fly with ſpeed.
And learn by her that lately made thee bleed.
Be not too much alone, but if alone,
Get thee ſome modeſt book to look upon;
But do not read the lines of wanton men,
Po'try ſets thy mind on fire again:
Abſtain from Songs and Verſes, and take heed
That not a line of love thou ever read.

THE

THE LOVES OF HERO AND LEANDER,

A mock POEM:

WITH

Marginal Notes, and other choice Pieces

OF

DROLLERY:

Gotby heart, and often repeated by divers witty Gentlemen and Ladies, that use to walk in the *New-Exchange*, and at their recreations in *Hide Park*.

Ut Nectar Ingenium.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year, MDCLXXXIV.

The Famous Greek and Asian story
Of Honour'd Male and Female Glory.
Know all I value this Rich Gem,
With any piece of C. J. M.
Nay more than so, I'le go no less.
Than any script of Friend J. S.

This was the Authors Prologue.

Of young Leander, *and of* Hero,
I now begin; Dum spiro spero.

LEANDER being fresh and gay,
As is the leek or green poppey;
Upon a morn both clear and bright
When *Phœbus* rose and had bedight
Himself with all his Golden rays;
And pretty birds did pearch on sprays:
When Marigolds did spread their leaves,
And men begin to button sleeves;
Then young *Leander* all forlorn,
As from the Oak drops the acorn;
So from his weary bed he slipt,
Or like a School-boy newly whipt;
But with a look as blith to see,
As cherry ripe on top of tree:
So forth he goes and makes no stand
With Crab-tree Cudgel in his hand.
He had not gone a mile or two,
But gravel got into his shoe.

His hair was powdred.

He

He ſets him down upon a bank,
To dry his foot, and reſt his ſhank.
Note here, every thing is the worſe for wearing. All men cannot be Scholars.
And ſo with finger put in ſhoe,
He pull'd out dirt and gravel too.
This was about the waſte of day:
The middle, as the vulgar ſay.
Fair *Hero*, walking with her Maid,
To do the thing cannot be ſtaid,
Spi'd young *Leander* lying ſo,
With pretty finger picking toe.
She thought it ſtrange to ſee a man
In privy walk, and then anan
She ſtept behind a Pop'ring tree,
And liſtened for ſome Novelty:
Leander having clear'd his throat,
Began to ſing this pleaſant note.

Oh, would I had my Love in Bed,
Though ſhe were ne're ſo ſell;
I'de fright her with my Adders head
Untill I made her ſwell,
Oh Hero, Hero, *pitty me,*
With a Dildo, Dildo, Dildo *dee.*

Fair *Hero* 'gan to ſmile at this,
As any man in love may do, it may be.
Leander rais'd 'gainſt tree to piſs,
He plucks me ſtreight his *Drabler* out,
And with his arms claſpt tree about:
O thus, quoth he, O thus —— I coo'd,
Bobbing *Rogero* 'gainſt the wood.
His blind worm *Hero* fair did ſee,
His Corral head did lean 'gainſt tree:
Which ſight did make her ſigh and ſob,
To ſee how he 'gainſt tree did bob:

She never lov'd him till that hour
And him she will invite to Tower.
She sat her down to rest her joynts:
The Springal he unties his points.
Fair *Hero* noted him a while,
And prettily began to smile,
To see a comely youth and tall,
Could not hold that which needs must fall,
Now *Hero* fair had spied a vapour,
And sends her maid with piece of paper;
But he before the maid did come,
Had sav'd that labour with his thumb:
The Maid with blush turn'd back again,
Seeing her labour was in vain.
Leander having done his task.
And made an end ore hedgnine Lask,
He turn'd about and made no bones,
But with stick rak't for Cherry stones,
Soas he stoop'd, he spi'd coming,
A gentle Nymph, whose pace was running.
He could not tell what to suppose,
But put up shirt into his Hose:
Leander straight did follow Maid,
Untill he came where *Hero* laid,
Her cheek on hand, her arm on stump,
Her leg on grass, on mole-hil rump?
He with a gentle modest gate,
Pucking his Cap from off his pate,
He thus bespake her, Lovely Peat,
Behold, with running how I sweat!
Oh, would I were that harmless stump,
Whereon thou lean'st; with that a thump
Breaks from the intrails of his hose.
Hero was fearful, dreading foes,

* *As it may be Reader, thy self hast done.*

† *Observe in this the childishness of a Lover.*

* *Meaning into his Breeches.*

Seeing

Seeing a Cannon 'gainſt her bent,
That ſeem'd to level at her tent:
Leander having felt the ſcape,
And ſpi'd the Maid to laugh and gape:
He then began to ſmell a Rat,
And ſtole his hand down under's Hat.
Hero did note his *Roger* good,
And how couragiouſly it ſtood;
At length ſhe asked him his name,
And wherefore that he thither came.
Quoth he, my dwelling is *Abidos*,
* This is my walk Wedneſdays and Fridays:
I love to ſee the Squirrils play,
With bow and bolt I them do fray.
My name is young *Leander* call'd,
My Father's rich, and yet he's bald:
Enough, quoth *Hero*, ſay no more,
Mum-bug, quoth he 'twas known of yore.
Now *Heros* love began to curdle,
She wiſht his head under her girdle.
If ſo ſhe had, I make no doubt,
But it would daſh its own brains out,
And yet the *Stale* be ne'r the worſe.
† As I may compare the head to purſe,
Whoſe mouth is faſtned to a ſtring,
And if the knot ſhe chance to wring,
The money white will iſſue out:
† He ſhouts moſt wide that hits the clout.
Now *Heroes* love could not be hid,
Come hither, love, 'tis I that bid.
Fear not, my love, to taſte my lip,
Imagine me to be thy Ship,
Guide thou the Rudder with thy hand,
And in my Poop fear not to ſtand;

* *True lovers walk on Fridays.*

† *As one would ſay, wide quoth Wallin when his--was in the bed-ſtraw.*

Stand

Stand to thy tackle on the hatches:
My Gunner room is free from matches:
Pull up my Sail to thy main yard,
My compaſs uſe thou, and my Card:
Lay thou thy anchor where thou pleaſe,
In broad, or in the narrow Seas,
And though the foaming Océan fret,
Thy anchor's ſafe, though it be wet.
Quoth ſhe, cloſe by fair *Seſtos* ſtream,
(With that within her throat roſe flegm)
Near to that place there ſtands a Cloyſter,
(Poor ſoul ſhe coughs and voids an Oyſter.)
Leander ſtole his foot upon it,
And treads it out with vailed Bonnet.
She thanks *Leander* for his pains,
And for another ſoftly ſtrains:
Her choler laid, ſhe ſaid, mark well,
And underſtand what I thee tell:
Come then my love in twile of night;
The time when Owl and Bat take flight:
In lower window I will place
A taper bright as eyes in face;
Which light ſhall be thy load-ſtar bright,
Through waves to guide thee in the night;
And with that word like Ivy wound
About his neck arms claſped round:
Venus did ne'r more dote on *Don*,
Whoſe heart in love was cold as ſtone
Than *Hero* did on ſpringal young:
So down they fell together clung,
Upon a Primroſe hill moſt ſweet,
Their lips being joyned their tongues did greet,
So high did grow the fragrant flowers,
Made freſh by youthful *April* ſhowers.

Not Don Diego, ſhe hated a Spaniſh, and,

But when she saw them lye so close,
She put the flowers under her nose:
And so approaching to the place,
* Where they lay panting face to face;
So high did grow the herbs so sweet,
That cover'd them from head to feet;
Her maid then got into a tree,
Where plain she might these lovers see.

Leander found the watry brook,
Where never fish was caught with hook,
Yet bobbing there had been good store,
† With great red worms, some three or four.
Oh, who hath seen a strucken Deer,
Or from his eyes in water clear,
A dabled duck with dirt bemir'd?
So *Hero* lay with pleasure tir'd,

On Medlar branch the Maid doth sit,
One * Medlar with a many met;
Though she was there, there was to see
Nothing but Medlars on the tree.
We'l leave the maid upon a crotch,
Holding by hands, sitting on notch:
But the sweet sight did so intice,
That bough was met with her device.

And now *Leander* gets him up,
And clos'd the acorn and the cup.
His Cocko-pintle he did thrust
Into her Oxlip which was just;
His Batchelors button, straight as line,
Made way into her Columbine.
His hooded Hawk he then did bring her,
Which she receiv'd with Ladies finger.
His sprig of time, her branch of Rue,
His primrose, and her violet blue.

* *It seemed they made a veil of a pleasure.*

† *They are called red worms because they creep into holes.*

* *A medlar by the Philosopher is thought to be an Open-arse.*

Leander

Leander lusty springal youth.
Did now retire, 'was so in truth:
Who, like some youthful prodigal,
Must needs retire, having spent all.
He now returned to his friends,
Whohim receiv'd with fingers ends.
The Maid was greedy, though but silly,
She thought too much went by her belly;
Oh, she was wrapt with that sweet sight,
That she did long to enter fight.
By chance a Weaver passing by,
Looking aside, she did him spie.
Then as *Adonis* horse did fare,
When he beheld the Freez-land Mare,
Breaking his reins ty'd to a tree,
And even as like as like may be,
Setting the runt of horse aside;
Her rubbish did excel in pride.
She loo king earnest at the Weav er.
The Medlar-branch sooth did deceive her.
Quoth she, alas! ah me, ah me!
What was I born to fall from tree;
Her cloaths her head did canopy,
She was all bare from head to knee,
The man accurst, whose trade was scurvy,
Had thought theworld had been turn'd topsi-turvy.
Now he did tread as if on eggs,
He saw a Medlar 'twixt her legs:
I know not how they there did settle,
But in the Weaver got his Shettle:
Where we will leave *Tom* trumpery,
To talk of other company.
Leander having fetcht his fees,
And *Hero* having covered knees,

Rubish he Author takes for loves-modicum.

Quoth ſhe, I know thou art no dodger,
Sweet have a care of truſty *Roger*.
My dear, quoth ſhe, my Lover true,
Remember what you from me drew:
Remember you being full of quiblits,
Remov'd your Hares head from my giblits,
With that afar off ſhe 'gan ſpy,
A fellow running with one eye.
He had one which did ever run.
He wore, becauſe his head was bald,
An old hats crown, which hid the ſcald.
His noſe was crooked, long, and thin,
As ſharp and long appear'd his chin.
His eye-brows hung upon his cheeks,
His head did grow like bed of Leeks.
His back did over-look his head,
One of his arms was door nail dead:
His fingers wore for Liveries
Nails long as *Cupids* Quiver is:
Upon his back he wore coat blue,
His face would make a dog to ſpue:
His legs did go four ways at once,
He was all skin ſave ſome few bones.
Then *Hero* ſaid, The weary hour
Is come for me to go to Tower.
Then farewel, Love, *Leander* ſaid,
And ſtraight ſhe whiſtled for her Maid.
By this *John Hedghogg* drew him nigh,
For that his name was, not to lye.
His one eye in her face did peer,
Quoth he, Who thought to find you here?
Come, to your Father you muſt go.
Leander trod upon his toe,
And ſaid with biting of his thumb,
That you ſaw me, no words but mum;

So

So put his hands to pocket twice,
And gave him two Cans for the price:
Leander could no longer keep her,
Away ſhe goes with this hedg-creeper.
He now devis'd what courſe to take,
Fearing that dough would be his Cake,
If it were known: So home he goes,
Paſſing the time in earing ſloes.
His mind doth run on *Heroes* lap,
At fathers door he now doth rap:
Which Porter hearing turns the lock.
With brazil ſtaff, and comely Frock,
Where we will leave him for a while,
And unto *Hero* turn our ſtile.

Slow to from love.

Fair *Hero* having paſt the ſpont,
ſhe now was come into the Cont ——
Tinent of *Seſtos*, where ſhe dwelt:
Her heart in paſſion 'gan to melt:
Unto the Tower cloſe ſhe took,
And with her finger did unhook
The Caſement, looking forth on ſtream:
The Star light gan on Flood to gleam:
For now brave *Titan* baniſht was,
Now long leg'd Spiders creep on graſs;
When Nightingales do ſit and ſing,
With prick 'gainſt breſt, and Fairies ring:
Two hours fill'd hath been the gut;
Men now begin to go to Rut:
When man in Rug doth cry in night;
Look well to locks and fire light:
The time when *Thomas* with his team,
Doth lug out dung, and men 'gin dream.
When City Gates are ſhut, not open:
And Dutchmen cry, what all *Al-ſlopen.*

Here the Author ſhews himſelf a Linguiſt.

About this time fair *Hero* ſtood,
Watching *Leander* in the flood.
She calls for ſmock, and puts off foul,
Waſhing her parts with ſope in bowl.
Her foot ſhe waſht, O pretty foot,
(But yet I am not come unto't :)
Of knee ſhe waſht the comely pan,
And now I come unto't anan ;
Pode or loves limtdits. Her thighs ſhe waſht with veins ſo blew,
Her Pode likewiſe of ſable hue :
Below the bottom of her belly,
Did grow a toy of ſhape moſt felly :
Though enough to make a child afear'd
Two corral lips with a black beard.
And as that beaſt that's kept for breed,
Lets fly her water when ſhe has need,
Which done, her funnel ſhe turns out and in,
Which was ſo like, as't the ſame had bin.
Here will we leave her nak'd as nail ;
And to *Leander* turn our tale.

Forth from his Fathers houſe he went,
Much like a bird-bolt being ſent
From Brazil Bow and truſty ſtring,
With feathers of the gray gooſe wing.
He took him to a truſty rock,
And ſtript him to the ebon nock,
And being naked look't like *Mars*,
With purple ſcab upon his A———
The ſeam betwixt his Cod that went,
Seem'd like to *Cupids* bow unbent,
The Cod his quiver, where his arrows
Did hang much like a neſt of ſparrows.
But ſome may think this is a fable,
He was fring'd with hair from Nock to Nav'le.

Fago

Fego, ſaith he, ſo forth he goes,
The gravel got between his Toes,
Now fear'd he *Neptune* as a God,
Still running with his hand on Cod.
O who hath ſeen a wanton Roe
Jump o're the fearn, indeed even ſo;
The lively skip-jack mounts and falls,
And ſtill on *Hero*, *Hero*, calls.
Even with that word, with ſpeedy motion,
He leaps into the foaming ocean,
Th' enamoured fiſhes about him flock,
Some play in arm-holes, ſome in nock;
Endymions love then ſhone outright;
He ſpy'd in *Hero*'s Tower a light:
And in the window looking out,
A lovely face, that ſeem'd to pout.
By this fair *Hero* might diſcern,
Leanders head, but not his ſtern,
That friſked underneath the waves:
And this is all fair *Hero* craves,
To ſee him ſafe, within her bed,
Whom billows beat now at the head.
Leander now turns on his back,
He yerks out legs and let arms ſlack:
* But then above the water floated,
The true loves lump, which *Hero* noted,
Fair *Hero* had a goodly ſight,
That could diſcern ſo far by night.
He was much troubled with a Shad,
That did purſue this lovely Lad.
The envious fiſh did ſo torment him,
As had't been I, I ſhould have ſhent him;
And ſaid, thou art a ſcabby fiſh,
To nibble at fair *Heroes* diſh.

Fego is a wor dof Courage as we ery St. George.

** Here you muſt note nothing can be hid from true love.*

Here the Author pitieth Leander.

Hero did note how he was troubled:
The water 'bout *Leander* bubbled:
She looks ſtill forth, kneeling on mats;
Ioventus meets a ſhole of ſparts.
They him beſiege on every ſide,
Betwixt his arms and legs they glide.
Neptune the dreadful God of Seas,
On whom did never ſtick March-fleas
Taking in hand his good Eel ſpade,
Towards *Leander* ſtrait he made.
The Shad, and Shole of Sprats did fly,
At ſight of *Neptunes* angry eye.
The God then turn'd him upſide down,
And view'd his parts from head to crown:
He dally'd with his elfine locks,
And bears him up from ſhelf and rocks.
His cheeks, his lips, his chin he kiſt,
No part of Yonker *Neptune* miſt.
Now *Hero* of her love made doubt,
And wiſht him there in yellow clout.
His thigh ſo white he ſtill would feel,
Then he would kick with horn and heel.
Quoth *Neptune* then, O buxſome boy,
Nay of my courting ſeem not coy.
Doſt hear, live here my lovely Lad,
I'le give thee Cod, eat Dace and Shad?
I am as great a God as *Mammon*,
Thou ſhalt have Ling, poor *John* and Sammon.
Being lecherous meat. And if thou ſayeſt thou wilt not blab,
Thou ſhalt have Lobſter, Brawn and Crab.
I tell thee I am no Curmudgeon.
Stockfiſh. Thou ſhalt have Rotcher, Whiring, Gudgeon.
The fiſh that is by Weavers eaten,
That muſt be firſt with beetle beaten.

Of

Of Knights heard never are more Dubbins,
Thou ſhalt have green fiſh and their Gubbins;
I'le bring thee where thou ſhalt ſee Lig;
The Luſty Oyſter, Shrimp and Grig.
Quoth he, thou ſwimmeſt without force,
And calls a Dolphin, mount this horſe.
And when thy mind is ſomewhat laid,
Thou ſhalt arrive 'gainſt Tow'r of Maid.
For well I know thou 'rt thither going,
For all thy grinning, mocks, and mowing.
I am, quoth he, if thou be'ſt wroth,
Keep in thy breath to cool thy broth:
And ſo away from him he flies?
And water ſtood in *Neptunes* eyes.
But he again, quarrel to pick,
Said, 'bide with me; quoth he, ne nick.
With that the God with ireful hand,
Caſt young *Leander* on the ſand:
Where we will leave him to ſay ſooth,
Sucking his tongue with hollow tooth.
The Watch of *Seſtos* Tower came down,
With Bill in hand, Murrion on Crown,
Rug-gown on back, Lanthorn in hand,
By two and two this ruſty band
Did take their way unto the Plat,
Whereas *Leander* naked ſat.
Theſe Sons of night did ſtraight him ſpy,
Who's there, quoth one; quoth he, 'tis I.
'Tis I, quoth he, is that an anſwer?
It is, quoth he, wert thou my Granſire:
The wiſeſt of them then did ſcan,
And ſaid, ſure neighbours 'tis mere man.
Nay ſaid another that's not ſo;
For this hath nails you ſee on Toe.

Unkindneſs will force tears ſometime. He had the tooth-ache.

And mere-man hath no feet but fins,
And this hath legs you ſee and ſhins.
Quoth one, to Sea I will him hunt,
Speak if I ſhall; with that the Cunt ——
——Stable thus ſpake, what words ſpake he;
I think, ſays one, ſome two or three;
Go then in peace, and ſtrike him down,
Then forth ſteps one with bill ſo brown,
A ſowr ey'd Knave lapt up in rug,
For manners like your Weſtern Pug.
His name forſooth was cleiped *Wharton*,
He was e'n born at good *Hogs-norton*,
This Dormouſe without wit or skill,
Run at *Leander* with his bill.
Leander lying on his face,
Not his back, Dunce running his race,
His hinder parts bore ſomewhat high,
Now was he come *Leander* nigh,
He lifts up bill to cleave a Rock,
Bill fell from hands, Noſe ſtruck in nock.
Leander with a ſtart did riſe.
And breaks his Noſe faſt by his eyes.
Oh who hath ſeen an archer good.
Poking for arrow-head with wood;
So far'd this Clot-pole noſe to find,
And grubbed till his eyes were blind:
But all in vain, the more he ſtrove,
The further in his noſe he drove;
For th' noſe indeed it ſtuck ſo faſt,
He was forc'd to leave it, and againſt
He jogs from this unlucky place,
Much grieved at his noſeleſs face.
His fellows he at laſt eſpies,
Who lifting up their gogling eyes,

This I commend to thee for a ſearching ſimile.

They

They hear a voice, and thus it cries,
My noſe, my noſe, my noſe and eyes:
And ſpeedily tow'rd them he haſted,
Without his noſe, his face all blaſted,
Away they ran for fear of foes,
Kib'd heels to ſave they ran on toes,
For haſte we leave them running ſtill
And to *Leander* turn our quill.
Hero was all this while in dumps;
Now 'gins he to beſtir his ſtumps;
Truth for to ſay, he now did ſmart,
He could not pull out noſe by art.
Well to be ſhort for fear of watch
He runs to Tower and pulls the latch.
Divineſt *Hero* was in bed,
The door being ope, he in doth tread:
Yet that no ſoul ſhould hear him travel,
From feet he wipes the ſtony gravel:
So goes me on nearer and nearer,
And with one eye did underpeer her.
Night being warm, the cloaths were off,
Sooth 'twas enough to catch a cough:
Leander though it was no matter,
Though teeth within his head did chatter.
One hand he put upon her toe;
The other upon her buggle-boe,
Quoth he thus ſoftly, *Hero, Hero*;
Away quoth ſhe, and come not near, oh.
Yet thus ſhe ſaid when ſhe was waked,
Fye upon pride when men go naked.
A glimering taper ſtood by bed:
Which in and out did put his head:
And by that light ſhe did him know,
Standing like image of Rye-dough.

The

The well hung youth then ſpake this word,
Quoth he I muſt lay knife aboard,
I've ſwum, quoth he, through thick and thin,
Brine waves have beat both neck and chin.

Leander *in her Haven caſts Anchor.*

He rides ſecure in *Heroes* rode,
Now he begins to lay on load.
I'm come through watch and their brown bats,
Now *Hero* feels his twitle-cum-twats.
Alas poor ſoul ſhe did not ſtrive;
Leander at her rump let drive.
He now forgot as I ſuppoſe,
That in his hobler there was noſe.
I'm come, ſaid he, from ſide of ſhore,
Where lowſie beggar ſat of yore.
And now the begger makes me ſing
The love of the *Cawphetuan* King:

Leander's *tale.*

On this green bank he firſt did ſpy,
One ſunny day the beggar lye,
Diſplaying to fair *Phœbus fire*,
The Marigold of Loves deſire.
To Marigold I it compare,
'Cauſe 'twas the colour of her hair,
Which ſtill to *Titan* was diſplay'd.
In window King ſtands rich array'd,
And ſpies by chance a beggar lye,
Back to the ground, face to the Sky.
Then like the *Snake* ſhe caſt her *skin*,
Whoſe amel'd body tumbled in

Her

Her mothers lap in apron green,
And covered that it was not ſeen:
Her hair in goodly elf-locks hung,
All down her ſhoulders, and amon
The roots of it, the dandriff white,
Like hoared froſts ſhining by night.
When *Phœbe* and her ſilver train,
The Yard, *Orion*, and *Charles* Wain
Look down upon the ſpires of graſs;
So ſprinkled was the head of Laſs.
She wreath'd her Body on one ſide,
Her legs a mole hill did divide,
Cawphetua's mouth did water ſhed,
Fancies and toys were in his head.
Under her arm did *Cupid* lye,
And ſhot *Cawphetua* in the eye,
Who cloſely ſtood in window peeping
Whilſt beggar poor on bank lay ſleeping.
He took his love ere ſhe did riſe,
And ſung this note with tears in eyes.

It might have been an mans caſe.

Oh King, what art thou but a bubble
That ſwims in ſtreams ſo ſwift?
Thy joy ſoon turns to griſf and trouble,
Much like a boat adrift,
That ſevered is from poop of Ship,
That wanders in the Ocean.
The beggar turned up her hip;
Then lay ſtill without motion.

He takes me his proſpective glaſs.

My Paſſion ſhall appear in print,
Make ready preſs good Hedger,

Say that Cawphetua *ſaw a dint;*
And fell in love with beggar.

Ah me poor King! I'm now a captive made
To one that hath no living, land, or trade.
What ſhall I ſay in this? what ſhall I do?
Shall I love her to foot hath ne're a ſhoe?
I am a King, my ſtate in ſtate is mighty,
Shall I love her who hath ſold Aqua Vitæ?
My rich blood boils at this ſo ſweet eſpial,
Even like a Boar, ſo chaſes my Collop Royal.
He calls for Page, and him for water ſends;
This way and that he the proud Griſſel bends;
The reaſon why his bobber ſtood ſo ſtiff,
Uncovered lay the ſilly beggars cliff.
As he was ſtanding his full view to take,
He ſpi'd her ſtretch, and ſtretching 'gan to wake.
Being big with *Thomas*, ſhe held up one leg,
And like the Ant, on mole-hill laid her egg.
Then did ſhe riſe with ſuch a rude behaviour,
That Royal noſe took winding of that ſavour;
Which made him ſay, behold I come to win thee.
Now I perceive that thou haſt ſomething in thee.
Down, down he goes the beggar to behold,
And as he went he calls for purſe of Gold.

The end of the paſſion.

The beggar now is come to gate of King,
To beg for bread and meat, or bread and ling.
Which when the King beheld within his Portal,
Come, graſs and hay, quoth he, we are all mortal.
She with a crutch did cry, God ſave his grace.
The honeſt King bad all forſake the place.

Which

Which when the Lords and all the reſt were gone,
Quoth he ſpeak beggar, and ſpeak words but one.

Wilt thou forſake thy beggers life,
And leave off wearing patches?
Thou ſhalt no more wear ſtring in knife,
He throws, the begger catches:
Dear take this purſe: nay be not coy:
The ſimple mute doth ſtand,
Quoth ſhe, my Liege, *Pardon a moy*,
So fell on knee and hand.
Thou ſhalt, quoth he, I do not mock,
If thou wilt take my offer,
Have ſtocking, ſhoe, and Holland ſmock,
Eke gold to put in coffer.
Thy rooms they ſhall be hung with arras,
Head ſtuck with ſilver pins:
Thou ſhalt no more ſell Roſa-ſolis,
Nor buy the Coney skins.
But firſt reſolve me truly this,
Hath any rag or rag
Put probe into thy Orifice,
Or water'd thy black nag?
No, doughty Liege, I'le tell you true,
Though poor I have been chaſt;
No man did ever here embrue,
Pointing beneath her waſt.
With that he took her by the hand,
Which was by *Phœbus* parcht;
Quoth he ariſe, ariſe and ſtand:
To lodg of King they marcht.
Which when they came in room call'd private,
None but themſelves alone,
At lowſie beggar he lets drive at,

'Twas

'Twas dark, her name was *Joan*,
Dear Liege, quoth ſhe; away, quoth he;
So lays her down on back;
And with his finger he doth not linger,
Tack But pulls me out his tack.
by reaſon it would hold. His Taſſel gentle he did put
Into her homely Mew,
tack. His Rounſifal into her Cob-nut,
In bladder were Beans blue.
He laid her head againſt a ſtoop,
She knew well his pretence;
He taught the beggar her lyripoop,
And paid her odd five pence.
He uſed art with both his thumbs,
Quoth ſhe, dread Lord, no more;
His Corral tickled her tooth-gums,
Yet open ſtood the door;
With finger wet came in a Lord,
Who heard a noiſe in houſe;
Says beggar, now dread Lord, no word,
But peace and catch a mouſe.
The Noble ſpy'd them very ſoon,
And fell low on his knee,
He ſaw the King in his hony-moon,
And all to be ſhitten was he.
Quoth Baron bold *Cawphetua* then,
Your grace may have down pallat:
Now he regards not Nobleman,
But to't he goes ding-wallet,
Her Wallet was laid under her. Her Hockly-hole Kings ſhould abhor,
Being man was in that place;
He puts in Glaſting-uri-core
Before the young mans face:
Well, Nobleman at laſt 'gan call,

Quoth

Quoth King to Lord, go down,
And bring me here a Camphire ball,
I'le waſh from head to Crown.
And as you go give order ſtreight,
Unto the Cook for ſupper;
(Thine ear, 'tis matter of much weight)
Bring Brimſtone and ſweet butter.
Go get thee gone, and bring with ſpeed
Thoſe things I have appointed:
Of Robes bring ſtore, truth is indeed,
I'le have my King anointed.

Quoth *Hero*, What became of *Tore*,
Says he, *Omnia vincit amor*.
He was o'recome and glad to fly,
To place where muffled he doth ly.
Leander now made end of tale,
Without ſhirt lining, or ſhirt male:
Indeed his tale was well compact,
For every word he made an act.
Her legs were ty'd in true loves knot,
On top of back full well I wot:
Poor ſoul ſhe lay like cheek of Ox
Stew'd in a pot or reeking Socks.
The lark now ſings with cheerful note,
And morn was come as grey as groat:
O day, quoth ſhe, to love moſt cruel;
Hero had meſs of water gruel,
Which ſtood by bed before provided,
And hand of *Hero* ſtreight is guided
To mouth of Puny to make ſtrong,
The knot of loves white-leather thong:
Then up he flings, and with a ſtart,
Quoth naked man, I muſt depart:

Firſt,

First, 'twixt her Pillars, truth to say,
Leander wrote, *ne ultra.*
No sooner he from bed did jump,
Out flew the nose with such a thump,
That *Heros* Father in next room,
Did leave his bed and in did come.
Leander hears the man of age,
Who call'd for sword unto his page;
He seeing him come, with much amazement,
He runs, and creeps out at the casement,
His *Calla-when-pin-cough*, indeed,
Was much endangered by his speed;
For hook of window got it fast,
And held him there till all agast
Fair *Hero* rose and went unto him,
And with her finger did undo him.
He down does fall without a word:
At window struck old man with sword.
Who seeing on floor there lye a nose,
Quoth he, I've paid him I suppose.
This was the time when Fryers gray
Did ring to Mattins break of day:
When Poets good do wake to plot,
And drunkard leaves his cloak for shot;
When Carriers put on shooes and hose,
And Maids do empty stools call'd close:
That was the time when *Leander* fell
From forth of window, truth to tell.
He had forsook his divine Pillows,
To fall among the raging billows.
Blue-beard call'd *Neptune*, being mad
For the disgrace he lately had;
This is the truth I need not blab;
Turn'd young *Leander* to a Crab:

And

And made the Proverb, ſure 'twas ſo,
That love muſt creep where't cannot go,
And becauſe his dwelling was *Abidos*,
He was doom'd ever to creep ſide-ways.
Poor *Heroes* ſorrow now redoubles,
He left her in a peck of troubles:
A ſenſeleſs man came to the Tow'r,
One ſenſe he wants having but four,
Now ſmell my meaning if you can,
With him came *Roger*, *Thomas*, *John*;
And all the reſt of *Mars* his crue,
Whoſe eyes were black, ſome gray, none blue.
This ſheepſhead rabble comes and knocks,
As they would break ope all the locks,
Fair *Heroes* Father in a rigor,
Hearing that noiſe runs down like Tyger.
Quoth he who's there? what, are you drunk?
And ſtill the more they ſtir'd they ſtunk:
The watch, ſays one, open the Gate,
The watch ſays he? having a ſhrewd pate,
He opes the door, and ſtandeth ſtill,
And ſpake theſe words, What is your will?
Our will, quoth they, what call you that?
And ſpi'd the noſe pin'd in his hat,
Which when they all of them eſpied,
This, this is he, ſtrike down they cri'd.
Then round about they him inviron,
And up they lift their ruſty iron.
He brake away, and bad them chace,
And after they did run apace:
And ran direct as I ſuppoſe,
For ſtill the man did follow his noſe:
He followed cloſe with his defect,
And ſtill his noſe was his proſpect.

The fourth part of a buſhel.

Oh

Oh, had they catcht him then among,
All their bills at him they had dung.
But note the pity of the Gods,
Extended to theſe Hodmandods,
And firſt for him that loſt his noſe,
(The truth to you I will diſcloſe;)
Becauſe his face did ſeem to ſcowl,
The Gods transform'd him to an Owl,
And 'cauſe this was i'th' dead of night,
They doom'd him never by day light
To ſhew his being; ſo God *Pan*
Made the firſt Owl of a Watchman;
And when he thought to cry, My Noſe;
Te wit, to hoo he ſhreekt, and up he roſe,
And being compelled by the angry God,
He clapt his wings and flew to *Tod*.
A famous Surgeon in his time.
Yet the Gods fury was not done,
They were transform'd each mothers ſon.
Says one, Ye Gods, is it your will?
And ſpake no more, his mouth turn'd bill:
And 'cauſe the Owl he ſhould not mock,
The Gods made him the firſt Wood-cock:
He wears the form of a Watchman ſtill,
And will for aye, witneſs his bill.
One Watchman he did ſtay behind,
And he was turn'd to buzzard blind:
The laſt was thinking how to run,
Saying a fair thred they have ſpun:
Becauſe he ſaid theſe words in ſpight,
He liv'd and dy'd a bird of night:
His ill luck ſure I muſt not ſmother,
He did watch that night for another;
And for becauſe his ſhape was ill,
He never flies but in the twill ——

In

In memory of this miſchance,
The Record you may ſee in *France*,
Upon each door where they muſt watch,
In chalk they ſet on door or hatch
The very form of a birds foot.
In *England* they come nearer to't,
For the three claws you plainly ſee,
That is for every claw a penny.
But now to old man in a trance,
We muſt proceed to his miſchance:
And to his grief, and much miſpriſion,
We'll tell what hapned in this viſion:
There came to him, as 'twere in ſight,
A lovely Lady, but no Knight.
The Lady ſeem'd for Lover loſt,
To be on bed of Nettle toſt;
Of Nettle; worſe! for to the quick,
She often had endur'd the prick
Without complaining, and poor ape,
To her it ſeem'd but as a Jape.
As Poet witty well could ſay,
A ſport, a merriment, a play.
But ſhe poor Lady almoſt fran tick,
As you may ſee in arras antick;
With hair diſhev'led romes about,
vowing to find *Leander* out,
And get him in where no baſe patch
With painted ſtaff, no rugged watch,
No nor her Father with head hoary,
Should come to interrupt the ſtory:
That is, ſhe meant for her delight,
Leander in her book ſhould write.
And blame her not to rave with randing,
For ſhe had loſt her underſtanding;

An old word, but young men uſe it.

Which

Which ſtanding ſtifly to her, might have put
Some comfort to have cur'd her cut.
But I too far digreſs, this fearful ſight,
The aged father from his wits did fright,
Or them from him, I know not whether;
But ſure I am they went not both together.

A mad old man he was, and ſo he dy'd.
Fair *Hero* like the wench that cry'd,
Till ſhe was turned to a ſtone,
For her *Leander* made her moan.
But when ſhe heard, poor ſilly drab,
That he was turn'd into a crab:
She then fell down as flat as Flownder,
Her flood-gates op't, and her own water drown'd
her.

THE EPITAPH.

They both were drown'd, whil'ſt Love and Fate contended;
And thus they both pure fleſh, like pure fiſh ended.

THE

THE MOCK.

ROMANCE.

Dwarf,

FLy from the foreſt Squire: fly truſty ſpark:
I fear like Child, whom Maid hath left in dark.

Squire,

O coward baſe, whoſe fear will never lin,
Till't ſhrink thy heart as ſmall as head of pin:
Lady, with pretty finger in her eye,
Laments her Lambkin Knight, and ſhall I fly?
Is this a time for blade to ſhift for's ſelf,
When Giant vile calls Knight a ſneaking elf?
This day (a day as fair as heart could wiſh)
The Gyant ſtood on ſhore of Sea to fiſh:
For angling Rod, he took a ſturdy Oak,
For line a Cable, that in ſtorm ne're broke,
His hook was ſuch, as heads the end of pole,
To pluck down houſe e're fire conſumes it whole:
His hook was baited with a Dragons tail,
And then on Rock he ſtood to bob for Whale:
Which ſtraight he caught, and nimbly home did pack
With ten cart-load of dinner on his back.
So homeward bent, his eye too rude, and cunning,
Spies Knight and Lady, by a hedge a ſunning.
That Modicum of meat he down did lay,
(For it was all he eat on faſting day.)

They

They come in's rage, he ſpurns up huge tree roots,
Now ſtick to Lady Knight, and on with boots.

Enter Gyant, Knight, Damſel.

Gyant.

Bold recreant wight! what fate did hither call thee
To tempt his ſtrength that has ſuch power to mall thee?
How durſt thy puling damſel hither wander?
What was the talk you by yond hedge did maunder;

Damſel.

Patience ſweet man of might: alas heaven knows,
We only hither came to gather ſlows,
And bullies two or three; for truth to tell ye,
I've long'd ſix weeks, with them to fill my belly.
I'ſecks, if you'l believ't, nought elſe was meant ſure
By this our jaunt, which Errants call adventure.

Gyant.

Shall I grow meek as babe, when ev'ry Trull is
So bold to ſteal my ſlows, and pick my bullies?

Knight.

Fear not, let him ſtorm on, and ſtill grow rougher,
Thou that art bright as candle clear'd by ſnuffer.
Canſt ne'r endure a blemiſh or eclipſe,
From ſuch a hook-nos'd foul mouth'd blobber lips,
E're he ſhall boaſt he us'd thee thus to his people,
I'le ſee him firſt hang'd high as any ſteeple.

Gyant.

If I but upward have my oaken twig,
I'le teach thee play the tomboy, her the Rig,
Within my Foreſt bounds; what doth ſhe ail,
But ſhe may ſerve as Cook to dreſs my Whale;
In this her damſels tire, and robe of Sarſnet,
She ſhall ſouſe bore, fry tripes, and wild hogs harſnet.

Knight.

Knight.

Monſter vile, thou mighty ill-bred lubber,
Art thou not mov'd to ſee her whine and blubber?
Shall Damſel fair (as thou muſt needs confeſs her)
With Canvas apron, Cook thy meat at dreſſer?
Shall ſhe that is of ſoft and pliant mettle,
(whoſe fingers ſilk would gaul) now ſcowr a Kettle?
Though not to ſcuffle given, now I'le thwart thee,
Let *Blowze* thy daughter ſerve for ſhillings forty,
'Tis meeter (I think) ſuch ugly Baggages
Should in a Kitchin drudge for yearly wages,
Than gentle ſhe, who hath been bred to ſtand
Ne're chair of Queen, with Iſland ſhock in hand.
At queſtions and commands all night to play,
And Amber poſſets eat at break of day;
Or ſcore out Husbands in the charcoal aſhes,
With Countrey Knights (not roaring City Swaſhes)
Hath been her breeding ſtill, and's more fit far,
To play on Virginals and the Gittar,
Than ſtir a Sea-coal fire, or ſcum a Cauldron,
When thou art to break thy faſt on a Bulls chaldron.

Gyant.

Then I perceive I muſt lift up my pole,
And deal your Love-rich noddle ſuch a dole,
That every blow ſhall make ſo huge a clatter,
Men ten leagues off ſhall ask, Ha! what's the matter?

Damſel.

Kind grumbling youth! I know that thou art able,
And want of breeding makes the proud to ſquabble;
Yet ſure thy nature doth compunction mean,
Though (alas!) thy mother was a ſturdy Queen:
Let not meek Lovers kindle thy fierce wrath,
But keep thy bluſtring breath to cool thy broth.

Knight.
Whine not my love, his fury streight will waft him,
Stand off a while, and see how I'le lambast him.
Squire.
Now look to't Knight, this such a desperate blade is,
In *Gaul* he swing'd the valiant Sir *Amadis.*
Dwarf.
With bow now *Cupid* shoot this Son of Punk,
With Gross-bow else or Pellet out of Trunk;
Gyant.
I'le strike thee till thou sink where the abode is
Of wights that sneak below, call'd *Antipodis.*
Enter Merlyn.
My art shall turn this combat to delight,
They shall unto fantastick musick fight.

SOme Christian people all give ear
Unto the grief of us:
Caus'd by the death of three children dear
The which it hapned thus.

And eke there befel an accident,
By fault of a Carpenters Son,
Who to *Saw* chips his sharp Ax lent,
Wo worth the time may *Lon*——————

May *London* say, wo worth the Carpenter,
And all such *Block-head* fools,
Would he were hang'd up like a Serpent here,
For jesting with edg-tools.

For into the chips there fell a spark

Which

Which *put out* in such flames
That it was known into *Southwark*,
Which lies beyond the *Thames*.

For *Lot* the bridge was wondrous *high*
With water underneath,
O're which as many *fishes* fly,
As *Birds* therein do breath.

And yet the fire consum'd the bridge,
Not far from place of Landing.
And though the building was full big,
It *fell down* not with *standing*.

And eke into the water fell
So many pewter dishes,
That a man might have taken up very well,
Both *boyl'd* and *roasted* Fishes.

And that the bridge of *London* Town,
For building that was sumptuous,
Was *All* by fire *Half* burnt down,
For being too contemptuous.

And thus you have *all*, but *half* my song,
Pray list to what comes after;
For now I have *cool'd* you with the *fire*,
I'le *warm* you with the *water*.

I'le tell you what the Rivers name is,
Where these children did slide a;
It was fair *Londons* swiftest *Thames*,
That keeps both time and *Tide*-a.

All on the tenth of *January*,
To the wonder of much people:
'Twas frozen o're; that well 'twould bear,
Almost a Country Steeple.

Three Children sliding thereabouts,
Upon a place *too thin*,
That so at last it did fall *out*,
That they did all fall *in*.

A great Lord there was that laid with the King,
And with the King great wager makes:
But when he saw he could not win,
He sigh't and would have drawn stakes.

He said it would bear a man for to slide,
And laid a hundred pound:
The King said it would break, and so it did,
For three children there were drown'd.

Of which ones head was from his *Should*——
Ers stricken, whose name was *John*,
Who then cry'd out as loud he could,
O Lon-a Lon-a London.

Oh! tut tut turn from thy fruitful nuts;
Thus did his speech decay:
I wonder that in such a case,
He had no more to say.

And thus being drown'd, *a-lack a-lack*,
The water run down their throats,
And stope their breaths three hours by the clock,
Before they could get any boats.

Ye Parents all that *Children have*,
And ye that have none yet;
Preſerve your children from the grave,
And teach them at home to ſit.

For had t heſe at a Sermon been,
Or elſe upon dry ground,
Why then I would never have been ſeen,
If that they had been *drown'd*.

Even as Huntſman tyes his dogs,
For fear they ſhould go from him,
So ty your children with ſeverities clogs,
Unty'em, *and you'l* undo'em.

God bleſs our noble Parliament,
And rid them from all fears,
God bleſs all th' *Commons* of this Land,
And God bleſs ſome *o'th'* Peers.

The Pig.

(1)

I Sing not Reader of the fight
'Twixt Bayliffs and that doughty Knight
Sir *Ambroſe*, ſung before:
Nor of that diſmal Counter-ſcuffle,
Nor yet of that Pantoffle
They ſay the Virgin wore.

(2)

No Turkey-cocks with Pigmies fray,
Or whether they did get the day,

Nor yet *Tom Coryats* ſhoes;
Nor yet the ſwine fac'd Maidens head,
Fth' *Netherlands* they ſay was bred,
Is ſubject of my Muſe.

(3)

But in Rhime Doggrell I ſhall tell,
What danger to a Pig befel,
As I can well reherſe;
As true as if the Pig could ſpeak
Or ſpit, in proſe would either ſqueak,
Or grunt it out in verſe.

(4)

A boyſtrous rout of armed Hoſt
Juſt as the Pig was ready roſt,
Ruſht in at doors, (God bleſs us!)
The leader of this warlike rout,
Strong men at arms, and ſtomach ſtout,
I ween was Captain *Beſſus*.

(5)

They lately had in *Scotland* been,
Where they ſuch ſtore of Sows had ſeen,
That garr'd them hate their Babbies:
And *Beſſus* men near *Norton* lay,
Where Pigs you know on Organs play,
That once belong'd to Abbies.

(6)

It was a tithe Pig I confeſs,
And ſo the crime might be no leſs,
Than if't a Caſſock wore;
But yet in Orders it was ne'r,
Nor ever preacht, unleſs it were
I'th' rub the night before.

(7)

Nor was it popiſhly inclin'd,

Although

Although by Foreſt Law their kind
are taught to uſe the Ring:
What though it wore a Scarlet Coat,
It ne'r appear'd i'th'Kirk to vote,
For her fine baby King.

(8)

But right or wrong, ſuch dainty Cates
Were ne'r ordain'd for Reprobates,
The fat o'th' earth is theirs;
The Saints by Faith and Plunder have
An heritance, and muſt inſlave
Malignants and their Heirs.

(9)

Fall on, fall on; they cry aloud,
This Pig's of antichriſtian brood,
You'l find we are no daſtards;
Their teeth ſo ſharp, their ſtomachs keen,
That *Marriots* you would them ween;
Or *Wood* of *Kent*'s own Baſtards.

(10)

But now to tell how from the paws
Of th' unlickt whelps with greedy Jaws
This Pig eſcap'd, hereafter;
As then our bellies 'gan to prank it
(Thanks to *Beſſe* for that good Banquet)
Will fill your mouth with laughter,

(11)

A ſturdy Laſs with courage bold,
On Pig, and Spit, and all, laid hold,
And ſwore ſhe would it reſcue;
For whether they their teeth did ſet,
For anger, or for hunger whet
She weigh'd not that a feſcue.

(12)

(12)

This brave encounter had you seen,
You would have sworn she would be Queen
Of the Amazons, or Fayries;
And if she make good the retreat,
Her sole Protectress we'l create
Of Milk-maids and their dayries.

(13)

Upstairs she marcheth in a trice,
And safely convey'd is the Grice
Into my Ladies chamber;
Such holy ground's not trod by those
Whose armpits, and whose sockless toes
Are not so sweet as amber.

(14)

The Jews ne'r eat their Paseal Lamb,
In half such haste as we did cram
This Pig unto our dinners;
Like Presbyterians we did feed,
No grace that day our meat did need,
For that belongs to sinners.

(15)

And when the story of the Pig,
Was done, the petitoes a Jig
Came tripping in at supper;
'Twas meat and drink to us to see
The souldiers by the jade to be
Thus thrust beside the crupper.

On

On DOCTOR GILL Master of PAUL'S SHOOL.

IN *Paul's* Church-yard in *London*,
Their dwells a noble Ferker,
Take heed you that paſs,
Leſt you taſt of his Laſh;
Still doth he cry,
Take him up,
Take him up, Sir,
Untruſs with expedition.
O the Birchen tool,
Which he winds it'h'School;
Frights worſe than an Inquiſition.
If that you chance to paſs there,
As doth the man of blacking,
He inſults like a puttock,
O're the prey of the buttock;
With a whipt Arſe ſends him packing.
Still doth, *&c.*
For when this well truſs'd Trouncer,
Into the School doth enter,
With his Napkin at his noſe,
And his Orange ſtuft with Cloves,
On any Arſe he'l venter.
Still doth, *&c.*
A French man void of *Engliſh*,
Enquiring for *Pauls* ſteeple,
His pardonne moy,
He counted a toy,
For he whipt him before all people,
Still doth, *&c.*

A

A Welchman once was whipt there,
Until he did beſhit him,
His Cuds pluttera Nail
Could not prevail,
For he whipt the Cambro-brittain.
Still doth, &c.
A Captain of the Train'd-band,
Sirnam'd *Cornelius Wallis*,
He whipt him ſo ſore
Both behind and before,
He notcht his Arſe like *Tallis*.
Still doth, &c.
For a piece of Beef and Turnip,
Neglected with a Cabbage,
He took up the Male Pillion
Of his bouncing Maid *Gillian*,
And ſowc't her like a baggage.
Still doth, &c.
A Porter came in rudely,
And diſturb'd the humming Concord:
He took up his Frock,
And paid his nock,
And ſawc't him with his own Cord.
Still doth he cry, &c.

GILL upon GILL,
Or
Gills *Arſe uncas'd, unſtript, unbound.*

SIR did you me this Epiſtle ſend,
Wh ch is ſo vile and lewdly pen'd:
In which no line I can eſpy
Of ſenſe or true Orthography?

So

So slovenly it goes,
In Verse and prose,
For which I must pull down your hose.
O good Sir then cry'd he,
In private let it be,
And do not sawce me openly.
Yes Sir, I'le sawce you openly,
Before *Sound* and the company;
And that none at thee may take heart,
Though thou art a Batchelor of Art,
Though thou hast paid thy Fees
For thy degrees:
Yet I will make thy Arse to sneer;
And now I do begin
To thresh it on thy skin,
For now my hand is in, is in.
First for the *Thams* which thou me sent,
Wherein much non sense thou didst vent;
And for that barbarous piece of Greek,
For which in *Gartheus* thou didst seek,
And for thy faults not few,
In tongue *Hebrew*:
For which a Grove of Birch is due;
Therefore me not beseech
To pardon now thy breech:
For Ile be thy Arse Leech, Arse Leech.
Next for the offence that thou didst give,
When as in *Trinity* thou didst live,
And hadst thy Arse in *Wadham* Coll. *malt*,
For bidding sing, * *Quicunque vult.*

* *Wall he was Clark of Wadham, and being by his place to begin a Psalm, he flung out of Church bidding the people sing to the praise and glory of God* Quicunque vult.

And

And for thy †Blanketting,
And many such a thing,
For which thy name in Town doth ring.
And none deserves so ill,
To hear as bad as *Gill*,
Thy name it is a Proverb'st ill.
Thou vented hast such rascal Geer,
Next thou a Preacher were
For which the French men all cry'd fie,
To hear such pulpit Ribauldry,
And sorry were to see,
So worthy a degree,
So ill to be bestow'd on thee;
But glad am I to say
The Masters made thee stay,
Till thou in* *Quarto* didst them pray.
But now remains the vilest thing,
The Alehouse barking 'gainst the KING,
And all his brave and noble Peers,
For which thou venteredst for thy ears,
And if thou hadst thy right,
Cut off they had been quite,
And thou hadst been a Rogue in sight;
But though thou mercy find,
Yet I'le not be so kind,
But I'le jerk thee behind, behind.

†He was tossed in a blanquet. A Ku. tongue and a Who. tail who can hold.

** He did sit four times for his degree.*

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FINIS